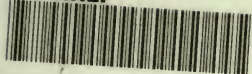
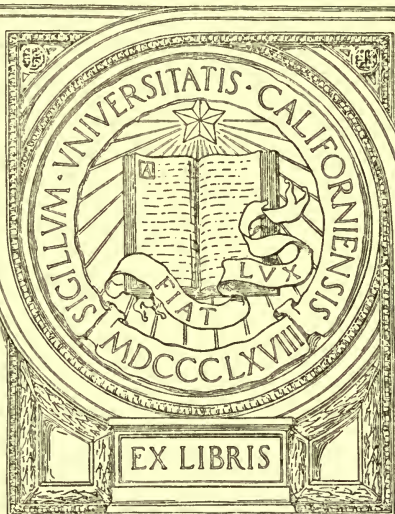


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GIFT OF
Class of 1907



THE POWER OF A GOD
AND OTHER ONE-ACT PLAYS

Five hundred copies of this book have been prepared for publication by a Committee representing the two universities with which Thacher Howland Guild was most intimately connected.

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University of Illinois
Urbana, Illinois
October 1918



Thacher Howland Guild
1879-1914

THE POWER OF A GOD

AND OTHER ONE-ACT PLAYS

BY

THACHER HOWLAND GUILD

WITH SKETCHES OF HIS
LIFE AND WORK



URBANA, ILLINOIS
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS
1919

Gift of June of 1907

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MENASHA, WIS.

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THACHER GUILD

Thacher Guild loved intensely the drama in all its forms—play-writing, acting, producing. His life centered around it and to it he longed to give all his time. Yet, even when he came to Harvard specially to study play-writing, he felt like most of our ambitious young men, whatever their chosen art, that he must keep an anchor to windward. In his case the “anchor” was work for a higher degree. This divided labor meant that only part time could be given to his plays; often, too, time when his mind was wearied or unfitted for composition by work of too contrasted a kind. Yet, if one thing is clear in the life of the would-be artist, it is that only by studied elimination of conflicting interests, however worthy in themselves, and persistent concentration on the chosen art, is mastery speedily gained and a masterpiece written. Add that during his year at Harvard he was carrying personal anxieties which were a heavy emotional tax, and what he accomplished is surprising. Only intense love of his chosen art, an unswerving purpose, and ability to shift his mind quickly from one interest to another could have

carried him through the year. Often he came to the classroom looking nearly exhausted nervously, but five minutes of earnest discussion by the class or the reading of any particularly interesting manuscript would rouse him. Then his weariness falling from him, he would plunge absorbedly into the give and take of the discussion. Never once did he lose his quick responsiveness to dramatic interests.

With all his work and anxiety, he made time to study conditions new to him, some of which he utilized in *The Higher Good*, written in the first half-year of his study at Harvard. This one-act play the judges for the annual spring competition of the Harvard Dramatic Club promptly chose as one of three or four short plays to be at once produced. The rehearsals under a professional coach meant much to Guild, eager as always to learn all he possibly could about play-writing, acting, and producing. *The Higher Good* is still remembered as one of the most interesting one-act plays produced by the club.

The work here printed shows Guild, of course, feeling his way. Had he lived, he would have regarded it all as belonging to his experimental period. At Harvard he had nearly acquired

mastery of the one-act form and was working for successful handling of the larger forms. He conceived his plays quickly. He wrote rapidly and with variety, as this romantic play in verse, this play of college life for a special occasion, and the hard realism of most of *The Higher Good* prove. A keen sense of humor, tinged with farce; clear-eyed observation; a feeling for character which expressed itself with a touch steadily more sure—these were Guild's in his student days.

Guild had nothing of the protective selfishness, or at least self-concentration, of the artist who relentlessly puts aside all demands on his time which in the slightest interfere with his chosen task. The very variety of his dramatic interests was, with his temperament, somewhat dangerous. Like all generous souls, when his art seemed to need his aid, he used his energies without stint. This was for the common good, no doubt, but it meant limiting his literary output and exhausting his vitality. It was his nature to think his much taxed nervous strength unending, to enter heart and soul on whatever he undertook. As some who read this brief notice know far better than I, Guild had in a short time won an honorable place for himself as teacher of history of the drama, as producer of

college plays, as fosterer among his students of all that is best in the drama. Of all that this book is a memorial.

Thacher Guild lived intensely—thinking, feeling, working hard. If he died early, yet he had had something of the greatest happiness there is—devoted, unstinted service in a chosen art and real signs of recognition for that service.

GEO. P. BAKER

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

PREPARATION DAYS AT BROWN

Thacher Guild was born and reared almost in the very shadows of the old elms at Brown. He was, in every sense, a neighbor of the University, and long before he had entered as a student here, in 1897, he had become familiar with its traditions and its ideals. He had visited the old halls with his brothers, who were officers in the college; he had played with other boys on the tennis courts and on the campus; he had attended the various meets and games in the gymnasium and on the field. His preparatory training in the local schools had naturally brought him into touch with the activities on the hill, where he had met and, to some extent, associated with members of the two lower classes. When, subsequently, he came to college, he did not find himself among strangers. Unconsciously he had become a good Brown man before he had matriculated for his degree. He was graduated an A.B. in 1901.

His life in college was a busy one. Endowed with those two admirable, but often opposing qualities—a keen intellectual curiosity, and a rare capacity for friendship—Guild came early to realize that he must regulate his life according to method; and like many a man of his temperament, he preferred a method that would conceal its own workings. He was determined to win distinction in his

studies; but with his easy, companionable nature, ever open to the confidences of others, and more disposed to a philosophical smoke-talk than a hermit's hour in the library, he found it imperative to portion his time in order to save time. People who seem always to have a plenty of leisure for their friends are generally the people who are very busy in hours kept sacred for work. It is an old saying that if you want a thing done, you should apply to a busy person. He is sure to have a spare hour because he is very industrious in regular hours. Now, according to the testimony of his friends, T. Guild always gave the appearance of living the care-free and somewhat indolent life of the undergraduate of his day. But, when we recall that he was not only a Phi Beta Kappa man and a winner of several prizes in various branches of literary work, but also a Commencement speaker—an honor then awarded at Brown wholly on academic attainments, we are convinced that our friend had the wisdom, not to kill time, but to make time live.

To that side of college life known as undergraduate activities Guild gave himself with characteristic enthusiasm. He loved his fellows, and his happiest privilege was to work and to play with them. Everybody knew him and liked him because of his genial spirit; everybody respected him because he accomplished things. In his freshman year he accepted an invitation from the Delta Phi

fraternity, and in that circle of friends he found inspiration and encouragement to make the most of his many talents. He was advised "to go out" for the musical clubs, with the result that, in time, he became the president of the Brown Symphony; and later, a member of Reeves' famous American Band. He tried his already somewhat practised hand at writing, subsequently to become a correspondent for the *New York Sun*, editor of the *Liber Brunensis*; and a writer of poems, stories and short plays.

Such a brief summary of what this eager youth was doing does not, however, tell the real story of his life. Back of all that Guild accomplished was the character of the man himself. Everybody felt the quality of his spirit. One of his college chums, The Reverend William L. Clark, says of him: "I think that the explanation of Thacher's character is a Bohemian temperament and a Puritan training; and he had the virtues of both without the vices. The former gave him a love of everything human, beautiful and free; and the latter kept him straight and clean." This succinct statement will find ready acceptance with all the friends who read these words. As I recall the impression that Mr Guild left upon me, I seem still to feel the fine enthusiasm of a clean soul; the perceptions of a keen intelligence; and—as if fusing the two—a great human love for his kind. He delighted in achievement; but if he took an almost

childish pleasure in his own success, he was likewise radiantly happy in the success of his friends.

T. Guild is remembered at Brown as a cheerful personality. He knew physical suffering; he was often depressed; but his experiences never made him pessimistic. He was essentially a gleeful person, but his glee was always tempered with kindness. All who recall "That old green bag of Ham's" will testify that Thacher Guild melted the sharpest wit into a most affectionate humor. Here I may be permitted to quote from a letter recently sent me by Professor Howard B. Grose, Jr., one of his close friends:

"Perhaps his (Thacher's) most remarkable quality was his gentleness. In all my close intimacy with him, I never knew him to do an unkindness to anyone. There was no meanness, no malice in him. But his gentleness was a positive quality, too. It informed his unfailing courtesy, his fine tact, his considerateness of others—which was sure, penetrating, full of delicate insight. That sturdy smile of his, that quick, responsive glance of the eyes, that hearty grip of the hand meant good will. You never doubted it. You never doubted him. You just loved him."

We knew Guild at Brown in his formative years. But those of us who shared his confidences believed that the future held much for him. We recognized that his great enthusiasm was not of the order that wastes itself in its own excess; it was, rather,

dynamic, creative. He had a profound love of music, but he was not content to listen to it; he must compose it. He enjoyed plays, but a passive delight in them did not satisfy him; he must write them. He liked young people; he wanted to influence them. We were not surprized, therefore, that he followed the profession of teaching and the avocation of playwrighting. That Thacher Guild would succeed in the first none of us doubted. The qualities that make a successful teacher are by no means recondite; the qualities that make a successful dramatist are more difficult to determine. There has been much written on the preparation of the teacher. One of the points upon which emphasis has been rightly laid is a thorough and intensive knowledge of the matter to be taught. Many professors, however, have taken themselves so seriously in this respect that they have become what very few real students ever become: narrow and unsuccessful grinds. No such man was Thacher Guild. Eager as he was to know his subject, he was even more eager to know the hearts of his students—the human quality in them. As a college instructor he had the vision to see that the proper study of literature is man.

This interest in actual lives and individualities is, naturally, a part of the equipment of a dramatist. Given this, and knowledge or sense enough of the constantly changing technique, any person of ardent determination may become a successful play-

wright: and he may not! A man may know human nature; he may be acquainted with all the theories of dramatic structure; and yet—unless he is possessed of a certain sixth sense of just what contrasts and familiarities and even banalities succeed on the stage—he cannot hope for even modest fame. You have to think down as well as up to attain any standing as a playwright. In other words you must keep close to life as it is lived and generally understood. Many otherwise well-equipped men have been too aloof in mind for this particular work. You must stoop to conquer if you would be known on Broadway. And, be it said to his credit, Guild would have enjoyed such an indorsement. He began well. His first scenarios were not feeble imitations of Ibsen; but original outlines of simple stories of homely characters. “My Cousin Timmy” and “The Clancy Kids” argued well for his subsequent development. The plays in this volume are examples of his growth in the craft that he loved.

THOMAS CROSBY, JR

BROWN UNIVERSITY

THE FULLNESS OF HIS LIFE*

Thacher Howland Guild, a member of the department of English since 1904, died suddenly on the twenty-first of July while playing tennis on the courts of the University of Illinois at the close of a day's work in the Summer Session. The inevitable first impression among his wide circle of friends was a shock of dismay at the tragic abruptness with which his alert and gracious spirit, midway in its course, was stopped. He had reached but his thirty-fifth year; and thought, unready for retrospection and summary, dwelt upon the frustration of his hopes and plans by the niggardly briefness of his years of maturity. From no one recognized how many places, a quietly effective force had been withdrawn, first adequately valued after it was missed. It seems fitting to attempt some indication of the nature of Mr Guild's contribution to the University of Illinois and to the community in which he lived.

If a university be defined as an association of scholars collectively interested in everything and individually interested in nothing but their specialties, he was not distinctively a university man. He refused to limit himself to his specialty, and he was not, as he himself would have avowed, a

*Abridged from *Alumni Quarterly*, University of Illinois, October, 1914.

scholar in that restricted sense of the word upon which men who have written unreadable monographs insist. His taste and inclinations were artistic, poetic, creative, rather than critical. They were none the less both consistent and persistent. Early in life he discovered several delightful interests, music, poetry, drama, human relationships; pursued them through his college course; followed them up as a graduate student; and turned them to account as a teacher. More tenaciously than almost any other man of my acquaintance he wrought, like Wordsworth's happy warrior, "upon the plan which pleased his boyish thought." At some apparent sacrifice of his own prospects, but to the distinct advantage of the undergraduates with whom he was mainly in contact, he preserved in the midst of the specialist and professional spirit of the western university the versatile and amateur spirit of the eastern college.

Mr Guild was an exacting, just, vital, and inspiring teacher. His intelligence was reënforced by his fineness of character. He came into the classroom without a grain of academic dust, and he taught not to get through the hour but to get results. He thought it worth while to know his students as individuals, and in the dingy rooms of University Hall he conferred with them tirelessly far into the fag-end of the afternoon when the halls are vacant and silent save for the thunders of the Band. The "outside" work of many teachers

bears no conceivable relation to class room instruction. Mr Guild's extra-official interests and even his recreations steadily raised his efficiency as a teacher. In elementary and advanced courses he taught the principles of composition with zest and effect, precisely because he was himself steadily engaged upon composition as an art.

He was an unusually good teacher of vocal expression and dramatic interpretation, because he kept himself always in practice in public readings and amateur "theatricals." He was especially effective in his courses in Shakespeare and the modern drama, because he had, in addition to his acquaintance with literature, a playwright's insight into technique and a practical acquaintance with the stage—qualifications possessed by very few men in his profession. Desiring always to touch the creative impulse in his students, he was at work upon an original course in playwriting and was introducing into his course in dramatic interpretation instruction in the production of a play which promised to be of the greatest value to teachers in the high schools.

It was significant of the vitality of Mr Guild's devotion to the drama that he did not cease to work for it when he left the class room. He held the not unplausible theory that if it is worth while to read a play, it is even more worth while to see it performed. An address on the playgoing of students, delivered before the College Assembly,

showed clearly enough how small and questionable a factor the theatre has been in the culture of undergraduates, and how much they stand in need of intelligent direction.

Before his time, there was no effective undergraduate dramatic organization at the University of Illinois. In 1905, shortly after he joined the English staff, an informal organization produced Robert Greene's *Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay* in an acting version prepared by him in collaboration with Professor Scott. In 1906, with his encouragement, the Mask and Bauble society was established, an undergraduate dramatic club which, for several years under his personal direction, gave a series of highly creditable performances, including besides modern pieces such as *The lion rampant* and *The Servant in the house*, an elaborate revival in 1910 of Shakespeare and Fletcher's *Two noble kinsmen*. In this connection should be mentioned the public performances given by members of his class in dramatic interpretation, notably the delightful and instructive production of the old miracle play *Abraham and Isaac*, and *Monsieur D'Or*; and his direction from time to time of plays presented by various literary societies.

From the first he was an active figure in the Players club, an organization drawn from members of the faculty and their wives, which has annually furnished dramatic entertainment in Morrow Hall to a large number of University people who

are seldom seen in the local theatres. In the last year of his life he successfully interested himself in improving the offerings of the local theatres by enlisting subscribers to performances approved by the Drama League of America; in consequence of which we saw Mrs Fiske, the Irish Players, and a good English company in Urbana. At his death his desk was piled high with correspondence which he had undertaken as chairman of the committee on plays for schools and colleges appointed by the National Council of Teachers of English.

His chief extra-academic ambition was to be a writer of actable drama, one of the most difficult forms of literature. Few or none of his associates knew through what long years and baffling circumstances he clung to his intention, and how steadily he wrought at his purpose. All of his plays show the practical playwright's instinct for keeping in touch with his audience. There was nothing, however, of cold calculation in Mr Guild's striking so frequently the strings of college loyalty, mirth, and sentiment: all that came straight from his heart.

He was scarcely less interested in music than in the drama. He played the piano, the French horn, and with a high degree of skill, the cornet. I have heard him in the Michigan woods deceiving the birds with his whistled mimicry, and drawing the whip-poor-wills into the trees about his cottage. As a mere child he had begun to compose music

for his own satisfaction, and he drew up in a reminiscent mood a list of some forty pieces of his own composition. His more popular songs, like many of his plays, are expressions of college spirit. I will mention only *Illinois Loyalty*, written in the fall of 1906; the *Siren song*, 1907; the *Celebration song*, 1909; and *We are Brown men all*, 1910. When he came to the University in 1904 he missed at undergraduate gatherings the jubilant mass singing that he had known at Brown, for at that time "bleacher" singing was almost unknown at Illinois. He filled the void with *Illinois Loyalty*, which has inspired directly or indirectly most of the songs that have been written since. Its popularity, attested by the sale of 10,000 copies in sheet music form, has not been confined to Urbana and Champaign. It was very swiftly taken up by the high schools of the State, and with adaptations it has been adopted by many schools beyond the State boundaries. The finest of his songs, *'Tis thy voice*, was completed on the day of his death—so that it is almost literally true that he went into the darkness singing.

Of Mr Guild's other miscellaneous activities space remains only for passing mention. He lectured from time to time in neighboring towns and during two or three of his earliest years here held readings and discussions for a club of ladies in Champaign. From 1905 to 1909 he took charge of a class of boys in the Settlement house; and I

am inclined to think that if he had not been a teacher, a playwright, an actor, and a musician, he would have preferred above other callings to be a social worker. He conducted a Bible class for the Iris club, and was a kind of unofficial adviser to the members of that organization. He was a member of the Trinity M.E. Church, and in his last year was studying there with a class of fifteen Chinese students Rauschenbusch's *Christianity and the social crisis*. These are only a few of the occupations "that weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount."

It is some consolation to say of a man who died young that he died happy. Mr Guild had on the whole, I am sure, a happy life, and he created a fine felicity for those who were near to him. Sensitive and high strung, he had his times of depression when he questioned rather bitterly how what he gave so freely was received. But his unflagging courtesy prompted him generally to burn his own smoke, and the courage that comes from a clean Puritan conscience sustained him. He felt the keenest delight in the exercise of his talents; he was a true amateur in that if his work found no market, he paid himself with doing it. He seemed never idle, for he turned his recreations into artistic forms, and strove to make a fine art of life itself and each day a satisfaction as it went by. There was a deep fund of reverence in him for all fair and sacred things, divine and human. He was quick

in his sympathies and perfectly kind in thought and act. He was a gracious host and the soul of hospitality. His crisp clear speech was a pleasure to hear; his talk, when intimate, generally took a philosophical or semi-religious turn. He had one self-indulgence: he was very fond of going back over his memories with the aid of old scrap-books and letters. He was strongly attached to his home, his relations, his friends, his fraternity, his college, his university. He never let go anything that had once been dear to him; by systematic correspondence he kept alive every association that he had formed. He remembered all birthdays and anniversaries, letting slip no occasion without a note or other token. "He spent less for his clothes," says an intimate acquaintance, "and more for presents to his friends than anybody I ever knew." He had his own standard of values. If he had renounced three-quarters of his activities, he might have been a greater scholar, but he would have been a poorer man. He measured his powers well; and then he spent them unselfishly, prodigally, to make his own community a better and more interesting place to live in.

STUART P. SHERMAN

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

DRAMATIC REMINISCENCES

My acquaintance with Thacher Guild began in 1904 when he came to Illinois as Instructor in English. During his first year at the University—the winter of 1904/05—he had finished *Carrotty Nell* for his sister's society at the Hope Street High School, Providence. He had also prepared with Frank W. Scott the acting version of Greene's *Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay* to accompany its presentation in the spring of 1905. He was free therefore to begin work on dramatic writing of another character, which was the first play printed in this group.

Prior to coming to the University of Illinois he had written plays for young girls, three of which had been produced. Two others, *The beauty machine* and *The Bide-a-wee bears*, completed his writing in this genre.

Doubtless he had tried his hand at others also. One such, written in college, entitled "*Second sight*, a farce in one act" I found among his papers with a note in his own hand saying: "Save as a horrible example!" A three-act farce *The Opposition party* also dates from his college days.

I should say that *The Class of '56* was written in 1906. The fiftieth anniversary of the "grand old class of 1856" occurred then and it was certainly shaped in the author's mind during that year.

Early in 1906 he became actively associated with the newly-organized Players club of the University of Illinois faculty, and was Stage Manager for *She stoops to conquer* given in the spring of 1907.

The following winter found the members too busy for a full evening's play—several of us were married that summer—but as the spring advanced it was decided to give an invitation performance of his one-act play *The Class of '56*. As will be noticed, it has no women characters, and it was put in rehearsal by the five men.

The ladies of the Club, finding no suitable short play with only three women's parts, agreed to act as hostesses after the play. It was Guild's whimsical suggestion by which this part of the program was called on the invitations "*A bit of frappé*, a social entertainment in one scene, presented by Mrs Clark, Miss Jones, Mrs Lincoln." Many were deceived into thinking it would be another playlet on the stage, and not a community drama in the reception hall in which the audience were each to have a part.

This première of his play was presented in Morrow hall at the University of Illinois on Thursday, 7 May 1908; and the cast was as follows:

Burke.....	Mr T. H. Guild
Billie.....	Mr E. M. Halliday
Johnnie.....	Mr T. E. Oliver
Joe.....	Mr F. K. W. Drury
Bobbie.....	Mr S. S. Colvin

The Daily Illini in reporting the presentation the next morning said:

The class of '56 of Brewster College celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in Morrow Hall last night. There were only five surviving members, and but four of those were able to be present, yet they combined in their little group all the extremes of class mates fifty years out of college—busy, self-centered forgetfulness, tender sentimental memories, and rollicking survival of imperishable devilment. . .

The Class of '56, a comedy in one act, by Thacher Howland Guild, is a delightful picture of college mates brought together half a century after by one of them that "is a b'y yit." The play is a delightful blending of sentiment, comedy, and pathos, well balanced, effective, and convincing, with a realism as true as George Ade's, and more touching. The characterization is excellently varied, and the parts in last night's initial performance, were exactly right. Mr Guild as the Irish Burke made the most decided "hit," but so did the others!

The play was not only directed by Guild, but he maintained that this was his first appearance in a speaking part. Tho he had studied plays from the stage as well as in front of the footlights, he had never before done a real piece of acting. He used to tell me with much glee how he had once been a "super" but he had had such stage-fright as to make him fear to attempt a part.

The play was greeted enthusiastically by the audience. The human appeal of Billie's disappointments and joys touched every heart. Of course such a story would reach a university audience if it would anywhere. Many asked Mr Guild to write a second act depicting the scene at

Brewster when Bobbie and Billie should arrive! But he never undertook it.

Mr Guild took the play east with him in 1909 when he went to study at Harvard, and in September of 1910, B. F. Keith's Bijou Theater of Boston, Mrs Josephine Clement, Manager, put it on for a week. The cast, selected from the stock company, was as follows:

Billie.....	Kendal Weston
Bobbie.....	Chas. L. Bishop
Joe.....	James Byrne, Jr
Johnnie.....	Arthur Price
Burke.....	John Sliney
Staged and directed by Kendal Weston	

The play has been rather severely scored by the dramatic critics to whom he submitted it at various times. One of the grounds of objection by producers has been its limited appeal. They said that the general public would not understand or support the college spirit and college loyalty which is at the play's foundation, but of which it knows very little.

Secondly, it has been said that it is not a drama at all, but a short story in dialog form; there is no conflict, no crisis, no struggle of wills. Yet the heart appeal is there, a strong touch of genuine sentiment, which brought a lump to the throat and tears to the eyes of those who saw it first.

The critics might well object also to the anachronisms of college colors and college yells in

1856. They didn't have them then. But what of that? The generation that sees and reads this play believes them a necessary part of college life and is willing to accept them here without question, together with the genuine loyalty of Billie and Bobbie.

To Brown men this play is especially satisfying. It is filled with memories and traditions and the flavor of Brown. For Brewster with its B, its color, its song, its Ki-yi yell, and its pump is but a thin disguise for his Alma Mater. At its first performance two Brown men were in the cast: Colvin '91 as Bobbie, in addition to Guild himself. With this play "T" Guild hails her with loyal devotion and has brought to her altar his off'ring of praise.

The winter of 1908/09 saw Guild still laboring with the student dramatic club, laying the foundations of Mask and Bauble at Illinois.

At Interscholastic on 21 May 1909, he introduced to the University and its visitors *Two strikes*, a base-ball comedy in two acts. It took well; and none the less because of its accurate sympathetic portrait of Dean Thomas, whom no one had any difficulty in recognizing as Thomas Arkle Clark, then and ever since the popular Dean of Undergraduate Men at the University of Illinois. So successful was it then, that it was repeated on another occasion. It was published in 1910 by Walter H. Baker & Co.

While studying under Professor George P. Baker at Harvard in 1909/10 in the famous playwrighting course "English 47," Mr Guild wrote *The higher good*. That spring it was selected by the Harvard Dramatic club from the one-act plays submitted by the class as one of the four to be given by them.

On 12 April 1910 the Club presented the four plays "with remarkable success." And the report in the *Harvard graduates' magazine* goes on to say:

In "The Higher Good" by T. H. Guild, 2G, a play of modern slum life, there was admirable acting by N. R. Sturgis, '12. The play dealt with the moral struggle of Governor Broadleigh, who discovers his degenerate brother in a slum mission, and is tempted by political ambition to disown him.

The cast as printed in the magazine was:

McAdley.....	J. Weare, 1L
Easy Joe.....	N. R. Sturgis, '12
Bill, the Bum.....	H. C. Simon, '10
Governor Broadleigh.....	E. A. C. Layman, 1G
Gustafson.....	G. S. Deming, '10
Captain Bannon.....	W. W. Hackman, 1G
Brother Adams.....	W. W. Finkel, '11

The merit of this appealing little study of social relations, human nature, and ambition was further demonstrated by its being listed by the "Agency for Unpublished Plays" of Cambridge, and later by its inclusion by John M. Clapp in his list of *Plays for amateurs* issued in 1915 by the Drama League of America. Following its production, he was made an honorary member of the Harvard Dramatic club.

When in the fall of 1914 the Players club wished to honor the memory of our fellow-member by giving some of his plays, we secured permission from Mrs Guild to present this and *The power of a god*. The two plays were given on 18 and 19 December 1914 in Morrow hall at the University of Illinois.

The cast of *The higher good* at this presentation was:

McAdley.....	F. K. W. Drury
Easy Joe.....	G. P. Tuttle, Jr
Bill the Bum.....	J. M. Phelps
Governor Broadleigh.....	C. H. Woolbert
Gustafson.....	T. E. Oliver
Captain Bannon.....	A. W. Jamison
Brother Adams.....	H. F. Moore

This wholesome serious drama made an effective appeal to the audience. Even the student reporter was impressed with the truth of the situation and the effective realism of the Mission.

Mr Guild was always interested in settlement work. He had had his class of boys in Northeast Champaign, and he may have visited city mission meetings to get his local color. Edward Sheldon had written *Salvation Nell* only a year or so before in English 47, and Mrs Fiske had recently brot it out. Perhaps this gave him the inspiration; I have always thot so.

His knowledge of slum missions is interestingly brot out in the names of the Mission and of Superintendent McAdley. The "little old Bridge Mis-

sion" suggests at once a slum in New York in sight of Brooklyn bridge, and is easily identified with the Water Street Mission established by Jerry McAuley and continued by Samuel H. Hadley. And their names seem to be combined in McAdley.

A second time he wrote a play with no women characters. Apparently he rather distrusted his ability to handle them, tho he recognized their appeal to the audience. I once heard him criticize *The lion rampant* written by two Illinois students: "You don't bring in the girls enuf, the audience will be waiting to see them." But in this play he has characterized his men distinctly and made them real. It is a genuine study of many classes of men meeting on the common level of humanity.

As an exercise in this course at Harvard, Guild dramatized Jack London's short story *Just meat*. This likewise is a tense drama, like the story itself. It met with the approval of Mr London, but was not accepted because of prior rights granted to a film company.

As mentioned before, another Brown graduate, Stephen Sheldon Colvin, '91, was a prominent member of the Players club while Professor of Psychology at the University of Illinois. In addition to being a capable actor and a ready versifier, Dr Colvin had also a strong dramatic instinct.

As a psychologist, Colvin was much dissatisfied with the hypnotism presented by Augustus Thomas in *The witching hour*. He claimed what

was shown there to be impossible in fact, effective tho it might be theatrically.

I remember walking home with him one night in 1910 while he outlined to me a one-act play which turned on a correct use of hypnotism. It had dramatic possibilities, and when Guild returned that fall, Colvin turned to him to work it out. Based on this scenario of Colvin's, Guild developed a quite different play into *The power of a god*. It was recast several times I believe during 1911, and was set aside when Professor Colvin left in September for a year's leave of absence. This absence became permanent much to our regret when in 1912 he was recalled to his Alma Mater as Professor of Educational Psychology at Brown University.

This origin of *The power of a god* thru association with another member of the Club was an additional reason for its selection for the memorial performance in December 1914, when it was given as the companion piece to *The higher good* with the following cast:

Dr Joyce.....	Mr J. M. Phelps
Dr Cameron.....	Mr F. H. Kay
Dr Hills.....	Mr J. R. Van Kleek
Stella Hills.....	Miss Isabel Jones

In this play Guild introduced a woman and was successful in making her a real character. The effect of the play on the audience was intense and gripping—almost too much so. There was scarce-

ly a moment's relief. From the start there is foreboding which accumulates as the action proceeds, and it lost none of its strength and power in the hands of Mr Kay as Dr Cameron.

His "fantasy in blank verse" *The portrait* was a bit of inspiration finished in a very short time in October 1913.

Guild had begun work on the translation from the Spanish of *Un drama nuevo* (*A new drama*) by Tamayo-y-Baus. Professor J. D. Fitz-Gerald of the Romance department dictated a literal translation, which Guild was turning into flowing Elizabethan English. One section of it was to be in blank verse.

While in the swing of writing the blank verse, he produced *The portrait*. For his subject he was undoubtedly influenced by *The passing of the third floor back* and *The Servant in the house*, both of which he had recently coached as the Commencement plays of Mask and Bauble. In it he successfully embodies the romantic spirit and the atmosphere of eld. He calls his characters by their types as in the old Morality plays. At first he called the Duke "The Beast," but on the suggestion of Professor Baker, to whom he submitted it, he changed him to "The Wolf." The idea of each character seeing his own soul in the Portrait is most impressive, and, as he read it to our group for the first time, we were all wondering what the Father and

the Mother could see which would soften their hard hearts.

A meeting of the Players club had been called for 21 October 1913. We were all there except Guild. He was telephoned for and he said he'd be over directly. When he came, he had the manuscript of *The portrait* in his pocket. He told me later that he was writing the last lines of it when the telephone rang.

After the regular business meeting was over, he was asked to read us his new play. In his gracious accommodating way he complied, and so enthusiastic were the members that they resolved to produce it as soon as an opportunity came. Financial success attended the annual winter performance (in this case *London assurance*), so that it was possible to invite our friends to a couple of evenings with the Club on 9 and 11 May 1914. *Ryland* was the other play on the program, directed and staged by F. K. Cowley, who played the title rôle.

The first play of the evening was *The portrait*. This Guild directed and staged himself, taking also the rôle of the Father. Its stern speech and dictatorial manner were quite foreign to his own courteous nature, but he threw himself into the part and made it effective.

The full cast as given for the first time in Morrow hall at the University of Illinois was:

The Daughter.....	Mrs F. H. Kay
The Father.....	Mr T. H. Guild
The Mother.....	Mrs T. A. Clark
The Wolf.....	Mr F. K. Cowley
The Artist.....	Mr A. J. Todd
The Lover.....	Mr F. H. Kay
Guard.....	Mr T. E. Oliver
Priest.....	Mr G. P. Tuttle, Jr

Rehearsals brought about unexpected changes. Two guards are called for, but at the last moment with the costume ready at hand, his artistic nature eliminated one as crowding the small stage and spoiling the picture. I remember this well—for I was to be that guard!

The play was a marvellous success. I can safely say it was the most artistic piece ever staged locally up to that time. The hall was hung with the green velour curtains which he had succeeded in persuading the University to buy for the Auditorium, and this rich background, coupled with the costumes and the lighting and the capable acting, made the performance a landmark in the history of dramatics at the University of Illinois.

He made advantageous use of dimmers in developing the light shining from the Portrait after being touched by the Artist. He brot in the sunshine at the rear to turn to gold the brush of the Artist as he bathed it in its rays. This transmutation scene was added in rehearsal and the lines inserted to introduce it.

The year 1914 also brought him dramatic success when his 3-act play *Higher up* was presented that spring by Mask and Bauble, the student dramatic club which he had fostered. He had written this play some years before, probably in 1910 or 1911, with Frank McIntyre in mind as "Babe" Eliot. When he saw a student "Steve" Birch in *The Gentleman from Mississippi*, he wisht to try him as "Babe" and the Club cooperated by producing it. It was a night of success and triumph, and the author was called upon for a speech after the final curtain.

His friends confidently expected him to continue as a playwright and to win success and recognition in this line. He was just coming into his full power and strength when his life was cut off so suddenly that July day in 1914.

F. K. W. DRURY

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF DRAMATIC WRITINGS

Prepared by F. K. W. Drury

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| 1900 | Second sight | A farce, unproduced. Still in MS |
| 1901 | The opposition party | A farce in 3 acts, unproduced. Still in MS |
| 1903 | My Cousin Timmy | Produced 1903 by Upsilon Sigma Society of the Hope Street High School, Providence. Pub. by Walter H. Baker & Co. 1903 |
| 1904 | The Clancy kids | Produced 1904 as above. Pub. by Baker 1904 |
| 1905 | Carroty Nell | Produced 1905 as above. Pub. by Baker 1905 |
| 1906 | The beauty machine | Production unrecorded. Pub. by Baker 1906 |
| 1906 | The Class of '56 | Produced 1908 by the Players Club of the University of Illinois, Urbana. Heretofore unpublished. |
| 1907 | The Bide-a-wee bears | Production unrecorded. Pub. by Baker 1907 |
| 1909 | Two strikes | A baseball comedy in 2 acts, Produced 1909 by Mask and Bauble of the University of Illinois. Pub. by Baker 1910 |

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| 1909 | Just meat | Unproduced. Still in MS |
| 1909 | The higher good | Produced 1910 by the Harvard Dramatic Club, Cambridge, Mass. Heretofore unpublished. |
| 1909 | Eyes of the blind | A play in 3 acts, unproduced. Still in MS |
| 1910 | Higher up | A play in 3 acts, produced 1914 by Mask and Bauble of the University of Illinois. Still in MS |
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THE CLASS OF '56

A comedy in one act

CHARACTERS

BURKE

Billie's man-of-all-work

BILLIE

JOHNNIE

JOE

BOBBIE

of the Class of '56, Brewster College

THE CLASS OF '56

The time is a winter's evening in January 1906. The scene is BILLIE'S library in a pleasant old country house, plainly furnished in the style of half a century ago. At the left is a big open fireplace with an old-fashioned, high-backed settle facing it. A shelf is above the fireplace; a hall clock is in the shadows. At the back is a long window with shutters and draperies. At center is a table with chairs, up stage right is another for the refreshments. About the whole there is an air of age and something of well-worn, homelike "atmosphere," in spite of marked simplicity.

As the curtain rises the stage is dim and the fire is burning low. BURKE, a stout, middle-aged Irishman, sits snoring on the settle. There is the sound of a winter wind whistling outside, with gusts that drive hail against the windows. The clock ticks loudly and presently strikes seven.

Enter BILLIE, a boy of seventy, whose looks and movements suggest gentle kindness spiced with humour:

BILLIE: [*placing an armful of bunting, etc., on the table*] I'm afraid the decorations won't be very elaborate, Burke. [*pause*] Just enough to let 'em see we're loyal to the old color, you know, the grand old Brown. [*He shakes out some brown bunting*] That was a wonderful class, Burke, that old

class of '56. Only five of us left now, only five. But they'll all be here for the reunion, every loyal mother's son of 'em, Burke.

He goes to the window and opens the shutters, revealing a glimpse of the snow swirling about outside. Can't rightly see how low the mercury's fallen. Hope the rheumatiz doesn't keep any of the boys.

He closes the shutters and comes down toward the fire.

B-r-r-r, the room's a bit chilly, Burke; can't we poke up this fire a little?

Burke snores softly.

Burke! Burke, you rascal!

BURKE: [*waking*] Yis, sorr. I was just *thinkin'* a bit.

BILLIE: Oh! You make some very curious noises, Burke, when you get to *thinking*.

BURKE: Yis sorr.

He puts on a fresh log.

BILLIE: [*lighting the lamp on the table*] Seven o'clock already, Burke. Time we got these jim-cracks hung up. Has that little—er—that little— [*apologetically suggesting the outlines of a keg*]

BURKE: The little keg? Yis sorr, it's in the kitchen.

BILLIE: Yes. You know, Burke, how Bobbie used to have a sort of fondness for—er—something foamy, in the old days?

BURKE: Yis, sorr.

BILLIE: No, you don't, you cheerful fibber. You never saw dear old Bobbie in your life.

BURKE: No, Mr Billie, but haven't I heard you carryin' on about him, these seventeen year?

BILLIE: Well, I suppose I have talked a little about Bobbie off and on. Did I ever tell you about the time we got jugged for stealing a sign—

BURKE: [*excitedly*] An' he tould so manny comical sthories to th' copper—

BILLIE: [*in great glee*] And the judge like to ha' died a-laughing—

BURKE: An' so he discharged Mr Bobbie, and fined you five and costs!

They are laughing together, but BILLIE stops reflectively at the last remark.

BILLIE: [*with a rueful chuckle*] Ah yes, something like that. [*laughing*] I see you've learned a bit about old Bobbie. Greatest fellow ever lived, I say. Well, be putting up the colors, Burke, while I bring in the—er, the liquids.

Exit, humming Alma Mater.

BURKE: Yis, sorr.

He begins to festoon the brown bunting.

Only five of them left, eh? It'll be a foine cilibration, an' him countin' the days for th' las' six wakes. I'm wonderin' if the other ould codgers'll be as spry as him. Half a cintury out o' college, an' he niver thinks of 'em as annything else but byes yit.

He pulls letter from pocket.

Hello, I forgot to give him the letter from the young lad.

He picks up a wooden disc on which Billie had painted a big, rambling B.

Aha, Mr Billie's a wonderful mon, but he's no sign-painter. I see how it goes.

He hangs it up so the letter is on its flat side.

That Brewster College must ha' been a grand college when the ould class of '56 was raisin' the devil among 'em.

Re-enter BILLIE, rolling in a little keg. BURKE sings innocently:

"Alma Mather, to 'ell wid the hair-oil and lotion."

BILLIE: [*with a start*] Burke! What's that you're singing?

BURKE: Sure, it's the chune you're all the time hummin'. [*reciting*] "Alma Mather, to 'ell wid the hair-oil and lotion."

BILLIE: Now look here, Burke, that's excellent sentiment, but slightly misquoted. Listen. [*sings*] "Alma Mater, we hail thee with loyal devotion." That's the way.

BURKE: [*chuckling*] Yis sorr, but the other wan has more sinse.

BILLIE: That's old Brewster's Alma Mater song. You know what Alma Mater means—it's Latin—and in English—let's see—in English it's something like—er—*dear old college*, or something like that, you know. My Latin's getting pretty rusty. I'll have to brush it up one of these days. But I

still remember my *amo, amas, amat*. Never shall forget that. That means love, Burke,—never shall forget that, I guess. You'll help us in the singing tonight? Good. Wait till you hear Bobbie come in on the bass. Now let's try it.

They sing the first line, BURKE taking the melody, BILLIE a quavering tenor. Then BILLIE catches sight of the misplaced emblem, and breaks off suddenly: Burke, look how you've hung that emblem.

BURKE: An' what's the matther with it?

BILLIE: You've hung it on its side. That's a B for Brewster, B—Brewster, can't you see?

They stand together, craning their necks sidewise to see it right.

BURKE: [*chuckling*] Excuse me, sorr, I was thinkin' ye meant it for a St Valentine heart!

BILLIE *straightens it.*

Speakin' of Brewster, Mr Billie, here's a letter come from the young lad.

BILLIE: [*taking it with great eagerness*] Ha! Ha! The scamp hasn't forgotten his old uncle after all. Burke, did you ever send anybody through college?

BURKE: Not I, sorr.

BILLIE: Then do it the first chance you get. There's nothing like it. Why, that little nephew of mine is down there at Brewster soaking up all the fine old traditions of a couple of centuries. And when he gets out in the world, he's going to do some of the big things that his foolish old uncle

made up *his* mind to do, fifty years ago—and never did!

BURKE: [*as BILLIE sits by center table to read letter*] Fifty years ago, and him a bye yit!

Exit quietly.

BILLIE: [*reading*] "Brewster College"—

He wipes his glasses and clears his throat, looking about as if to see if BURKE is noticing his emotion. "Brewster College, January thirty, 1856"—no, how stupid—"1906" "Dear old Uncle Billie"—old? Hm! That's just an affectionate touch. "Nothing much doing these days. Brewster's a regular hole-in-the-ground in January." It did seem to be a bit chilly in winter, that's a fact; but the snow on the hillsides was always beautiful. I'd like to see those hills once more, somehow. "Our hockey team wiped up the ice with Berkshire yesterday." Good! Oh, Burke—he's gone. "Wiped up the ice"—curious expression, but it means a splendid victory, I'll be bound. "I can see my finish coming in that math exam." Finish! Well, so he's not going to take any more mathematics. I don't know as I blame him. Great training for the mind, but sort of excess baggage after all. "But the fellows say that English quiz will be a pipe." A pipe! Pipe? Burke, do you know the colloquial significance of—oh, well. "Did you ever know old Renslaer in the class ahead of you?" Renslaer, Renslaer,—why, he means young Rennie, the idiot that put me under

the pump, bless his rascally heart. "He died last week." Well, well—and he was a husky young fellow too. "I hate to ask you for any more money, but I let that last fifty get away from me somehow, and I've got to pay my term bill next week. Can you send me fifty more?" Whew! And that last fifty was extra for a Christmas present. Guess my little nest egg won't hatch out much at this rate. "Your affectionate nephew, William." So that's all. Ah! A picture of the campus.

He discovers an enclosed photograph.

Burke! Look, there's the old dormitory where I lived—my room—let's see, second floor north—that's it, that's the window. My! My! How I'd like to see it all just once more. Wonder what that hideous brick factory is doing there—sakes alive! They must have pulled down the little moss-grown King George Chapel to make room for it. Too bad. But there's the old pump—Burke!

He rises. Enter BURKE with a telegram.

BURKE: Telegram, Mr Billie.

BILLIE: What's that? Oh. [*taking telegram and reading*] "Doctor's orders will prevent my attending reunion. Regards to the old boys of '56. Sam." [*blankly*] Why, Burke, he can't come. Sam can't come.

BURKE: He's a quitter, sorr, that's what he is.

BILLIE: No, no, Burke. Doctor's orders, he says. Poor old Sam, he'll be mighty disappointed. Too bad. Well, I suppose it was hoping too much to expect the whole class to turn up. Too bad, too bad.

BURKE: Shall I bring in the rest of the things, sorr?

BILLIE: Sam would certainly have enjoyed seeing the old pump. What's that, Burke? Yes, yes, all the rest will be here directly and we'll give them a taste of the old days.

Exit BURKE.

Doctor's orders. Sam never did seem so robust as the rest of us. And Bobbie'll be so disappointed. Too bad.

He hums "Alma Mater" as he goes about putting things to rights.

Enter BURKE *with tray of refreshments.*

BILLIE: That's right. Put it here—so.

They arrange it on table.

Not exactly a banquet, is it? But it's as near the old times as I could get. Now let's array these bottles so Bobbie will see the whole outlay at once. The old wine here—so. The keg here—

He gets a rheumatic twinge and groans slightly, but as BURKE turns, he hides the fact by stepping about with excessive briskness.

BURKE: What's that you say, sorr?

BILLIE: Why, nothing, Burke. I was just thinking—

BURKE: [*pointedly*] Ay, Mr Billie, ivery mon has his own peculiar way o' *thinkin'*.

Exit chuckling.

BILLIE: Now these treasures—the college keepsakes and the pictures—I must put them where Bobbie'll see them. Let's see, these used to stand on top of the book-case, when Bobbie roomed with me—and a wild young room-mate he was. We'll call the chimney shelf the book-case. There. Now, you dear old Bobbie, if those don't warm your heart! I can just imagine you now, as you used to stand there and gaze at that little wooden Indian, and make a speech about the rights of the red man, till my sides ached with laughing. You were a born orator, Bobbie. And then her picture—poor Bobbie, you never quite got over that affair. How you would stand and gaze, and gaze, and run you hand through your curly brown hair in distraction. Ah! You'll appreciate these little souvenirs, my boy. Here you are yourself. Good picture, too. I wonder if you've changed much in all these years.

Enter BURKE. He stands hesitating as he fumbles with a letter.

BURKE: [*aside*] I hate to give it to him. Like enough another wan of the old byes can't come an' him settin' his heart on it so. Mr Billie—

BILLIE: Dear old Bobbie. Eh? Special delivery letter?

His hand trembles so that he can hardly open letter.

"Dear old friend Billie, the three Fates have got me by the coat-tails and unless the days of miracles come back, I can't possibly be with you at the reunion. You and the other boys drink a health to me and I'll do the same for you off here alone. Will write fully in a day or so. Yours in auld lang syne, Bobbie."

He reads it through again, his lips forming the words silently. He murmurs "Bobbie," looks about at the various objects a moment, then sits quietly on the settle, gazing into space, the letter hanging in his limp hand. BURKE stands anxiously and finally gets pipe and pouch from the shelf and silently hands them to him. He takes them without a word, fills and lights. A heavy sigh escapes him at the first long puff—then he glances up at BURKE, who stands awkwardly disconsolate. BILLIE reaches out and pats his hand half playfully.

BILLIE: [*quietly and with some cheerfulness*] You and I and the old pipe, eh, Burke?

The sound of sleigh-bells is heard. The clock strikes eight.

BILLIE: [*jumping up*] Hear that, Burke? They're stopping. Johnnie and Joe, I'm sure of it! Hurry, hurry, you idiot. Put the rig in the barn, bring the driver into the kitchen and give him a drink.

Exit BURKE.

And say, Burke, ask 'em if they can't send the team back to the hotel and stay all night.

He shouts the final directions after BURKE. *Runs to the window and peers out a moment, then hurries back and puts finishing touches on things in eager haste. Going to shelf, he takes down a couple of old pictures.*

Johnnie and Joe. How they used to sit and argue with each other! Johnnie's red head a-bobbing, and the dimples coming and going in Joe's chin. They say Johnnie makes a good judge. But who would have thought little Joe would have got to be a bishop? Well, well, I must get ready for them.

He bustles about, pokes the fire, etc. Enter BURKE, *who holds the door open for* JOHNNIE *and* JOE, *who are stamping their feet and getting off their wraps.*

BILLIE: Hello, boys, hello, hello—glad to see you—come right up to the fire, that's right. Cold night, very. Well, well, fifty years isn't such a long time. Old Johnnie and little Joe, sure enough.

He makes ineffectual attempts to help them as they get their last mufflers off and to shake hands with them, but they hold their hands to the fire. BURKE carries out their wraps. BILLIE glances in curiosity and perplexity from the pictures of the two men to the men themselves. JOHNNIE has white hair and JOE is short, stout, and bald, with a gray beard.

Don't know as I should have exactly recognized you after all. You see, Johnnie, your hair wasn't

always that color, you know, and you've hidden your dimples, Joey, under that beard. But you're little Joe, all right—never grew another inch, did you? Grew a bit around the waist, though! Ha! Ha!

JOE: [*with dignity*] Age touches us all, my good Mr—er—

BILLIE: Why, Billie, just Billie.

JOE: I remember, they did call you by some such nick-name. I never liked nick-names.

JOHNNIE: [*rather noisily, as if his jocosity were somewhat forced*] But, my dear Bishop, I don't see that, er—Billie has changed much.

JOE: Now, Judge, there's no use flattering any man. Mr—er, William hasn't much more hair than I, and he's quite as wrinkled. It's the common lot, "the swift foot of time," and all that.

BILLIE: [*excitedly*] There, I caught it then. I should have known you after all, Joe. It's those dimples; you can't hide 'em completely, you know. And you too, old Johnnie, with that red head of yours a-bobbing when you talk.

JOHNNIE: Red head! Thank Heaven my hair began to turn forty years ago.

JOE: I believe I do remember now that your hair was once a peculiar shade, Judge. Forgotten it completely.

BILLIE: Well, if you've taken the chill off, you'll be ready for something hot and fragrant inside, eh? Burke!

Enter BURKE, with hot water and lemons, etc.

BILLIE: Here's our supply of convivial liquids, boys.

They go up to the array of bottles, etc.

JOE: Oh, my dear friend, this is too much!

BILLIE: Not at all, not at all; why you used to be good for three bottles yourself.

JOE: You mistake me, sir. I fear you forget that as bishop of an old and highly respectable diocese, I must frown upon all such indulgence; and I *do* frown.

BILLIE: Oh, that's too bad. But you, Johnnie, or—er—Judge, [JOHNNIE *bows slightly as if approving the change*—you'll have a nip? Burke, mix a large glass for the judge.

JOHNNIE: No, no, thank you just the same. Gave it up years ago. Positively can't bear the stuff.

BILLIE: [*a bit dashed*] Well, well, what a temperate old crowd we are. Burke, we shan't need those things. You can take them out.

BURKE: [*aside*] An' him plannin' for a jolly ould time. The ould stiff!

Exit BURKE.

BILLIE: [*recovering himself*] We'll have some good black coffee instead. Sit down here, boys and have a bite. Maybe you'll taste something that will bring back the old days.

He stands expectantly at the table.

JOHNNIE: [*looking at the refreshments indifferently*] We'd be glad to join you, but as a matter of fact the bishop and I just dined at the hotel. I fear I'm not in the best of appetite.

JOE: Very good of you, William, but the judge is right. I suppose I'll have to admit that I have an old man's stomach, and I have to be exceedingly careful about my diet. Young people eat such heathenish dishes, anyway.

BILLIE: Ah, bishop, we *were* young heathen in those old days, to be sure. Well, perhaps you'll eat a bit later.

JOHNNIE: [*pointing to the B*] Where in the world did you scrape up that outlandish thing? What is it?

BILLIE: [*laughing heartily*] My old failing, Judge. Never was very clever with the pen, you remember. That's meant for a B. B for Brewster, you know. B—Brewster, grand old Brewster.

JOHNNIE: Of course, sure enough.

JOE: Very good idea. I believe I never should have thought about a B standing for Brewster. One does get so out of touch with those little far-away memories.

BILLIE: [*with a touch of hesitation*] Yes, that seems to be the way it goes.

JOHNNIE: Odd scheme those streamers. But the color seems to harmonize with the room pretty well.

BILLIE: Mere chance. I knew you'd like to see a bit of the old college color.

JOHNNIE: Brown, Bishop. Good, that's good.

JOE: Why bless me, the college color. That's so, Judge, it was brown, sure enough. Very appropriate indeed, I'm sure.

Enter BURKE with a telegram.

BURKE: Another telegram, Mr Billie.

As BILLIE reads, JOE and JOHNNIE return to the settle, and get comfortably seated ; exit BURKE.

JOHNNIE: Now Bishop, as I was saying when we arrived, your position on the rebate system is absolutely illogical. In the first place—

JOE: Allow me to correct you, Judge. My point of view has all the weight of ethics and morality behind it. Besides—

BILLIE: I say, boys—

JOHNNIE: But, my dear Bishop, it's a purely legal question.

JOE: Not from the standpoint of a churchman.

BILLIE: Boys, listen to this! The president himself has sent us a telegram of congratulation.

JOHNNIE and JOE: [*in surprise*] The president?

BILLIE: Yes, Dr Porterfeld, you know, President of Brewster.

JOHNNIE and JOE: [*politely*] Oh indeed.

BILLIE: He says: "Convey my heartiest congratulations to the loyal alumni of the class of '56 in their fiftieth anniversary. Abraham Porterfeld, President." Now isn't that splendid of him!

JOHNNIE: [*critically*] They say he's a dangerous radical thinker.

JOE: [*petulantly*] Has done a most astounding book in defence of the higher criticism.

BILLIE: [*enthusiastically*] Yes, my nephew tells me he keeps thoroughly abreast of the times. It's a nice thing for him to do, this message. Right from the head of our grand old college.

He stands a moment looking appreciatively at the telegram. Recollecting himself suddenly.

I declare, boys, I forgot something. A little whiff of an old-time pipe will set your college reminiscences going, I'll wager.

He offers pipes.

JOE: [*yawning*] No, thank you, I never smoke.

JOHNNIE: If you don't mind, I'll smoke a cigar.

He pulls one from his pocket and lights, settling back sleepily.

JOE: [*swallowing a yawn*] It's good of you to get our honorable old class together again, William.

JOHNNIE: [*drowsily*] Yes, indeed. Pleasant evening, very. The bishop and I have often expressed a wish to get together again. Let's see, who were some of the other men?

BILLIE: [*putting pipes away reluctantly*] Only two others left now, you know. Bobbie and Sam. And both of 'em detained at the last moment.

JOE: [*drowsily*] Unfortunate.

He and the Judge begin to nod. BILLIE stands behind the settle where he cannot see them and lights his pipe.

BILLIE: Ah yes. I wanted to hear Bobbie tell about that supper we had the night we graduated. Shall you ever forget it? We were a pretty well-behaved crowd, take us all in all. But you recollect how old Sam got a little mite tipsy and danced all the dishes off his end of the table. Ha! Ha! You were a funny-looking object yourself, Johnnie.

JOHNNIE *rouses slightly at sound of his name but his head droops again.*

Coat wrong side out, battered hat, face spattered with the whole bill of fare, Ha! Ha!—and then how we scooted lickety-split when the copper cornered you and dragged you off to the lock-up as a suspicious character. If I hadn't followed you up and bailed you out, think of the pretty scandal we should have had. Ha! Ha!—But I believe you were the worst reprobate of the lot, little Joe. Don't you blush to recall the way that strong stuff went to your head and how you nearly choked poor old Bobbie before he got you safely put to bed? Ho—ho! Boys will be boys. Those were great days—fifty years ago.

He stands lost in a reverie. A gentle snore arouses him. He peers over the back of the settle.

Why, they're asleep. Poor old boys, they're all tired out, and here I've been boring them with a lot of foolish talk.

Enter BURKE.

Sh-h! [*pointing to the sleepers*] Get my shawl,

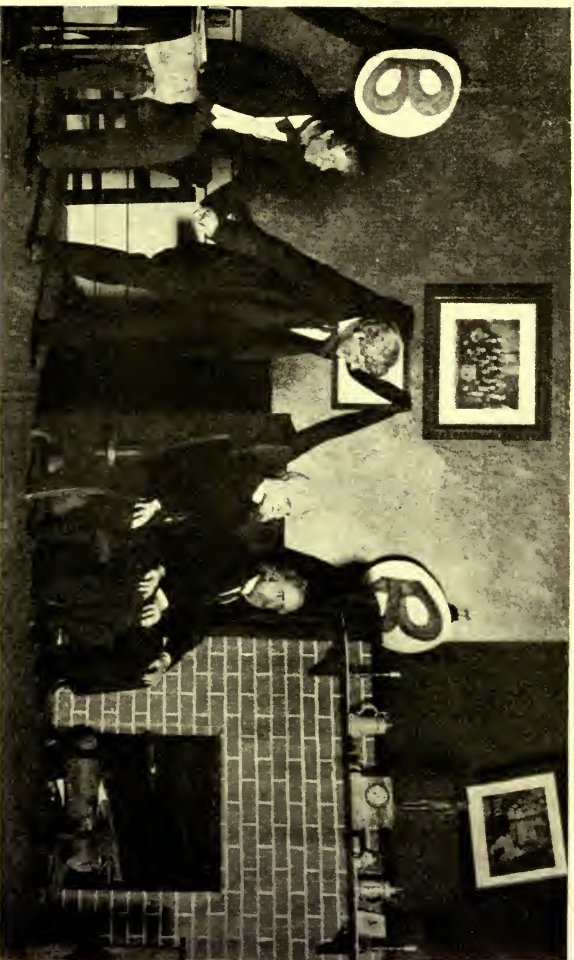
Burke. [BURKE *hands it to him*] There. Careful now. We mustn't wake them.

They spread the shawl over them.

I guess I've made a mistake, Burke. It—it was foolish to expect them to be as much interested in the old days as I am. You see, Burke, they're men of the world—great men in their way, and they couldn't be expected to care much for a lot of trivial memories of boyhood. Dear me, I should have got them to talking about their own affairs of course, something really worth while. Wish they had a more comfortable place for a nap. Let's see if we can't slip a pillow in here.

He tries warily to get a pillow under JOE's head. But Burke! [*He withdraws as if struck by a sudden thought*] If they find out they've been asleep they'll feel very badly. They mustn't do that. Why, they'd think it wasn't just—er—just treating me courteously, you see; and they'd feel very badly. How can we manage it? Ah! You go—no, wait a minute. [*He takes the shawl away*] Now Burke, you go slam the door; not too loud, mind. And they'll never know I caught 'em napping. [*chuckling*] It's deception, Burke, I know, but it's just a little joke, so there's no harm. Let me see, what was I talking about when they dropped off? Oh yes. Now—

BURKE *slams door vigorously, the sleepers stir and look about uncomfortably.* BILLIE *has stepped back of the settle as before and goes on vigorously.*



Mr Guild

Mr Halliday

Mr Drury

Mr Oliver

"The Class of '56" as given by the Players Club

BRITAIN: The ablest Judge and the greatest Churchman that ever were graduated from old Brewster.

Yes Judge, you and the Bishop are right about that. It isn't what we were, it's what we are, that counts. And I for one, am proud to be a member of the class that sent you out into the world and proud to be alive to see this reunion when this humble dwelling is honored by the presence of the ablest Judge and the greatest Churchman that ever were graduated from old Brewster!

He is peering over the settle to see if his ruse is working, and seeing that it is he grasps BURKE with a delighted chuckle, and points over the settle where the two men are sitting bolt upright staring in front of them.

JOE: [*rising*] Your hand on that, Billie. Nobody appreciates the Judge more than I do.

JOHNNIE: [*also rising*] Fine sentiment and every bit deserved in the case of our good Bishop.

They stand clasping hands with BILLIE in the center, BURKE hovering in the background in delight. The clock strikes nine.

JOE: Bless me! How time does get away. Must be getting back. An old man like me needs to get plenty of rest.

JOHNNIE: That's so. Can't any of us afford to miss our beauty sleep.

BILLIE: Oh, come now—why, it's hours yet before midnight, and there was a time—well, well, that was a good while ago, of course. But shan't we have a bit of a ditty before we break up? One of the jolly old songs we used to sing?

JOHNNIE: Haven't sung a note in twenty years.

JOE: Sing? Nonsense. Why, there isn't one of us could remember a line of those atrocious old verses.

BILLIE: Why you can't have forgotten that favorite jig of ours—don't you know, it went something like this:

He hums a lively old jig and JOE and JOHNNIE begin irresistibly to keep time to it and momentarily unbend in genuine reminiscent enjoyment. But BILLIE does not observe and as he stops and turns they "hem" consciously and resume a frowning dignity.

BILLIE: There, doesn't that bring back—oh well, of course you hear so much better music nowadays those silly old tunes are best forgotten. Burke, the gentlemen's coats.

Exit BURKE.

There now, I mustn't let you go without seeing some of the little mementoes of college days that I've saved up. Look here—[*producing a tattered cap*] what do you suppose that is?

JOE: Pah! A musty piece of cloth.

JOHNNIE: Something that ought to be thrown in the fire, I should say.

BILLIE: Why boys, that's the cap—the little old Brown cap—that Bobbie wore in the freshman rush. Don't you remember how he was found that day right in the thick of it? And the gash he got over the eye? I recollect picking this up when Bobbie was lying unconscious and it stopped the

bleeding too, till we could get a surgeon for him. Bobbie's old cap. Dear old Bobbie!

JOE: [*with a gruffness partly due to restrained emotion*] What brutes we were in those days!

JOHNNIE: [*with some enthusiasm*] Ah Bishop, but that really was a great rush. And if I remember rightly, we won. [*He feels of the cap rather curiously*] Ugh, full of microbes, no doubt. Better burn it up.

Re-enter BURKE.

BURKE: The coats, sorr.

BILLIE: Ah yes.

He hovers about while BURKE helps them get ready.

JOHNNIE: Well, well, good night, good night. Delighted to be present. Hope to see you again soon.

JOE: Very happy time, very. Long life to you. Good night.

BILLIE: Better take the lamp, Burke. Good night. God bless you, boys. Wrap up warm. And be sure to breathe through your nose. Good night, good night.

He calls the last farewells after them as all exit but him, BURKE taking the lamp. Then in the darkened room he goes to the window a moment, as the sound of sleigh-bells is heard again and he waves the cap after them. As the bells die away he goes slowly to the fire, looking old and weary. The light has gone from his eyes, and there is a suggestion of tears. He turns the cap over in his hands reverently.

I guess they're right. It's sort of foolish to treasure up a soiled thing like that. They're right—they're right, of course. I'll burn it. It's certainly not beautiful and it couldn't last much longer anyway. Just like the rest of us, wearing out, going to pieces. I'll burn it.

BURKE *re-enters with the lamp, followed by BOBBIE. The latter has retained an almost boyish heartiness of manner, and is brisk and natural. He has a good figure, a rather handsome face, ruddy and good-natured, and his brown hair is still wavy, though ringed with gray, and a little scant. BURKE points silently to BILLIE, and BOBBIE approaches unnoticed.* I'll burn it.

He stoops to lay it on the embers^m but suddenly starts up, clasping the cap in both hands.

No, no, I can't do it. Bobbie would like to see it. Dear old Bobbie would be glad to see it.

He presses it to his lips, then bows his head heavily on the shelf.

BOBBIE: You're right, Billie, old boy!

BILLIE *stands a moment gasping, then with a half-sobbing cry, rushes to him.*

BILLIE: Bobbie!

They hug each other, stand each other off—hug again and slap each other heartily. BOBBIE takes the cap.

BOBBIE: [*spying the B, etc.*] Why, Billie, the old B—and the Brown. A-ha! Come on now, everybody!

Bobbie gestures as if leading the cheering.

BOTH: Ki-yippety-ooster, Ki-yippety-ooster, Ki yippety-ki-yi, Brewster, Brewster!

BURKE: *[after involuntarily imitating]* Hooray-y-y!

BILLIE: Burke, I never taught you that cheer, did I?

BURKE: That's wan thing you forgot, Mr Billie. But I'm with you on the Alma Mather.

BOBBIE: That's the business. Here we go. Now then!

He gets them together and they sing a few lines of Alma Mater, to the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket," altered from the Brown University song.

Alma Mater, we hail thee with loyal devotion,

And bring to thine altar our off'ring of praise;
Our hearts swell within us with joyful emotion,

As the name of old Brewster in chorus we raise.
The happiest moments of youth's fleeting hours, etc.

BOBBIE takes a rolling bass, a bit unsteady, and beats time with the cap. BILLIE begins to be almost overcome with emotion and has to drop out. BOBBIE notices it and stops. BURKE continues sonorously until BOBBIE digs him significantly in the ribs. BOBBIE laughs, slaps BILLIE on the back and puts on the tattered cap.

BOBBIE: Oh, let's finish that later. My stars but I'm hungry. Mighty sorry to miss Johnnie and Joe. Did they leave any grub? Well, I should say! Billie, we're back in the old room

and here's those same doughnuts and cheese. Ah!
[*seizing some in each hand and beginning to eat;*
then he spies the keg]

Billie! How dare you smuggle these things in here, sir? Stuff the key-hole, idiot! The proctor 'll see the light and we'll all get suspended. Ho-ho-ho!

He fills three mugs with ale.

You too, Burke. Now, long life to the glorious class of '56. [*They drink*]

BILLIE: Brewster College, its noble past, and its future prosperity. [*They drink*]

BURKE: [*with a flourish*] Now wan more—two of the foinest byes God iver made. [*They drink*]

Exit BURKE.

BILLIE: But Bobbie, how ever did you get here?

BOBBIE: Easy enough. When I found out that the Three Fates had me by the coat-tails, presto! I snipped off the coat-tails and ran like the devil and all. Ha-ha! All I miss now is one of those long clays. Remember 'em, Billie?

BILLIE: [*getting two from the shelf*] The very ones we smoked in college, Bobbie.

BOBBIE: You don't say! [*filling and lighting*] I declare I've knocked off fifty years in five minutes. Hello! No—by the great horn spoon, that Indian! Aha—you noble red man, wretched slave of progress, ground under the heel of encroaching civilization; robbed of your ancient heritage of

forest and plain, crowded from ocean to ocean, miserable victim of the white man's greed!—

He breaks off suddenly.

But, Billie—

He stands gazing at the girl's picture, takes off the cap, and runs his hand through his hair in distraction. Turns away with a sigh.

BILLIE: [*soothingly*] Here's another picture you'll be glad to see, Bobbie. [*showing picture of campus*] The old campus. My nephew sent it to me. He's there now. Think of it—there at old Brewster now.

BOBBIE: [*eagerly*] What wouldn't I give to see the jolly place again. There's our room, Billie—our room—and the pump, where we were christened as freshmen. B-r-r-r—but that water was cold! Oh Billie, my boy, I tell you we've got to see the old place just once more.

BILLIE: It's the dream of my life, Bobbie.

BURKE *enters with telegram.*

BURKE: Another telegram, Mr Billie.

As BILLIE reads, BOBBIE studies the picture. BILLIE looks stunned with grief. BOBBIE turns and sees him.

BOBBIE: Bad news, my boy?

BILLIE: Awful. My nephew—at Brewster—oh I can't tell you.

He hands BOBBIE the telegram.

BOBBIE: [*reading*] "In trouble. Big scrap. May be expelled tomorrow. Can you come? William." [*chuckling*] The old story. Well, you'll go?

BILLIE: No. There isn't much left of the nest-egg but the shell and he'll need all of that. I'll send it right away.

BURKE: Mr Billie, sorr, I've a bit of money saved up. Would you mind if I—just as a sort of a loan, you know—

BILLIE: No, no, Burke—I—

BOBBIE: Burke, you're a brick. Now we've got to get the young rascal straightened out. Why, the whole class of '56 is back of him. He'll pull through. We've got to go.

BILLIE: You?

BOBBIE: Of course. Do you think I'm going to let you have the fun of it all to yourself?

BILLIE: But I can't go. It's impossible.

BOBBIE: Impossible your grannie! Let's see, nine-thirty. Just time to catch the eastern mail at eleven. Burke, get out a grip, and pack enough stuff to last a week. Then harness up. Quick!

BURKE: Yis, sorr.

BURKE *exit with lamp*.

BILLIE: [*dreamily*] Back to old Brewster! And with you, Bobbie?

BOBBIE: [*throwing an arm around him*] Well, I guess. Oh, we'll show 'em. We'll make that young Prexy sit up and listen. And we'll spank that rascally William and get him on his feet.

He walks to the window.

It'll be the first vacation I've had in ten years.
And I'm going to make the most of it.

BURKE *re-enters with a grip and an arm-full of clothes.*

BILLIE *seats himself on the settle, gazing at picture.*

BILLIE: Back to Brewster—with old Bobbie!

BOBBIE: [*throwing open the shutters*] Good, it's cleared away and the moon's coming out. Good luck!

He rejoins BILLIE and they look over the picture together. BURKE is jamming things into the bag, humming Alma Mater.

BILLIE: Brewster!

BOBBIE: Billie, we'll hold the next reunion in the second floor north, in Old Brewster.

BILLIE: Ay, Bobbie, and we'll drink from the old pump again.

They chuckle excitedly over the picture as the curtain slowly falls.

THE HIGHER GOOD

A play in one act

CHARACTERS

SUPERINTENDENT MCADLEY, *of the Bridge Mission*

"EASY JOE," *a convert*

BILL THE BUM

JOHN BROADLEIGH, *Governor of New York*

MR GUSTAFSON, *his Advisory Secretary*

CAPTAIN BANNON, *a detective*

BROTHER ADAMS, *a convert*

CRONIN, *and other CONVERTS and OUTCASTS*

AN ORGANIST

A REPORTER

THE HIGHER GOOD

SCENE: *In the New York slums, at the Bridge Mission, on a winter evening.*

The front part of the stage represents the game-room of the Mission, and large folding doors at rear open into the main Mission-room proper, where a low platform, with reading desk and three chairs, occupies the left half, and a double row of small benches extends from rear platform to a point off stage R, with a narrow aisle between them. A small melodeon is up stage by platform, heating-stove up R of C. Tables with games on them are down R and L, with chairs about them, also other appropriate furnishings. On the walls are characteristic mission-texts, etc. Big Bible and hymn-book lie on desk. A window is up C looking into street.

At rise of curtain, game-room is lighted by single gas-jet turned low. The folding doors are open; the Mission-room is unlighted; a glow is seen in the stove; through the window is seen the street, with shabby-looking people hurrying past in attitudes that suggest a cutting wind. A flurry of snow is driven hard against the window. There is heard the jangle of trolley-cars, the snort of a motor-horn, the lashing of a whip, and the rattle of wagons, together with an occasional murmur of harsh voices in such exclamations as "G'up thar, damn your hide!"—"All aboard, Thoid Avenue, step lively!"—"Poiper,

sir? Woild, Choinal?" *These noises continue until first speech, then die away.*

The curtain has been up a moment when MCADLEY enters down L humming "Stand up, stand up for Jesus." He turns up gas, goes into the Mission-room, opens draft in stove, takes out keys, and goes down aisle off R. Light comes on in the Mission-room and sound is heard of unlocking a door. MCADLEY reappears, pockets keys, goes to platform and finds place in big Bible on desk.

JOE enters up R and comes down aisle to platform. He is a man about thirty, decently but shabbily dressed. His face shows clear signs of dissipation and privation but his appearance and manner show traces of boyishness and refinement. He seems weary and chilled to the point of exhaustion, but his face, though serious, has no discouragement in it.

MCADLEY: [*looking up, and speaking with great warmth and sincerity*] Bless the Lord, brother, you're back again.

JOE looks up with a smile of almost boyish delight. MCADLEY goes to him with outstretched arms, and a kind of yearning heartiness. He grasps his hand and puts the other on JOE'S shoulder.

Well Joe, His promises are sure. Six nights now, ain't it, since He set your feet in the way of salvation, and every night o' the six you've come in here with the light o' Glory in your eyes.

JOE: [*His voice is deep and quiet, and he speaks usually with a hint of hesitation*] It's—it's a miracle,

Mr McAdley. Just to look you in the eye—why, you know, you're the first good man I've been able to look straight in the eye since—a dozen years ago.

MCADLEY: Glory to God, that's it—when you've looked right into the face of the Master, there ain't anybody on earth can make you hang your head.—Now you warm yourself up.

He opens stove door for JOE and returns to desk.

Chorus of hoots and derisive laughter without.

BILL THE BUM *appears from L above the window, a foul, hatless, gray-haired wreck, rather drunk; he turns and makes a wild, impotent gesture toward his tormentors, and goes off R.*

JOE: [*angrily, throwing up window*] Let him alone, you—

He checks himself with a great effort, and turns toward MCADLEY, evidently troubled at his narrow escape from a burst of profanity, but able to appreciate the funny side of it.

Why, on my word, I can't think of a thing that's fit to say.

Murmurs off. JOE *shuts window and draws curtain.*

MCADLEY: [*laughing*] The cuss-words die hard, Joe. Better watch that temper of yours. It's like a gun, you know—fine thing when it's pointed the right way. Had anything since breakfast?

JOE: [*shaking his head*] I—I haven't felt hungry.

MCADLEY: That's bad, my boy. Don't you know the devil just naturally sneaks into an empty stomach and calls for whiskey?

Enter down the aisle, R, BILL THE BUM.

JOE: Don't, don't—I couldn't, I hate it. I can't bear to think of what I was. It seems years ago instead of a week. [*He sees the bum*] There, look at *him*! One of those poor devils—was I like that, Mr McAdley, *was* I?

MCADLEY: [*with hearty simplicity*] Worse, brother—but that was before the Lord got his grip on you. [*to the bum*] Good evening, brother. [*He goes to him and pushes him into a seat*] Sit right down and have a nap.

The bum subsides in surprise, and takes the suggestion.

MCADLEY: [*to Joe*] You didn't strike anything, then?

JOE: No, it's the same story day after day. Some places they know me, and curse me into the street. Other places I might get a job by fixing up a good story; but [*smiling*] I can't do it, somehow—I choke on 'em.

MCADLEY: Hallelujah! No more lies to fatten the devil with.

JOE: Some places they think I'm just after the price of a drink—seems like it's branded on me—and they'll toss me a nickel and tell me to go and be happy.—Happy! And they think they're generous!

MCADLEY: So they are, Joe, generous with poison. Same as you, when you used to set 'em up with your last dollar.

JOE: Don't, don't.

MCADLEY: All the same, it's the good-will spirit—everybody's got some of it. Only it's harnessed up to old Beelzebub. I tell you, brother, if ever there was a holiday in hell, it was when some generous sinner set 'em up for the first time.

BUM: [*rousing*] Well, let's set 'em up again.

MCADLEY: [*to Joe*]: Wait, now, and I'll get a lunch for you.

He starts off down L. The BUM sits up.

JOE: But I've been sponging on you for a week already.

MCADLEY: There's good sponges as well as bad. You're soaking up the water of life, and when you've got a good supply, the Lord'll squeeze you out where it'll do the most good.

Exit MCADLEY L.

JOE: [*slowly, looking after him*] Sympathy—that's what does it—sympathy.

BUM: [*struggling to his feet*] 'Scuse me, sonny, but did he say lunch?

He puts his arm on Joe's shoulder in maudlin fashion.

JOE: [*involuntarily repelling him*] Keep your hands off me, you dirty—

He checks himself with sudden gesture of regret.

BUM: [*bowing and whining*] Begs your pardon, sir, didn't notice you was a gen'leman.

JOE: [*shaking his head with a faint smile*] I'm not. [*Claps him on shoulder with both hands familiarly*] What's the matter—is your belly empty, too?

BUM: [*whining*] Ain't had a bite for two days, and my wife and babies—they're starving—*[breaks off as he recognizes JOE]* For the love o' God, Easy Joe!

JOE: Yes, Bill, I'm Easy Joe—*[with a quiet reverence]* by the love of God.

BUM: [*with a flourish*] Gen'leman after all! Well, have a drink—where's that old bar-keep—I got the price—come on—I know a joint beats this'n all to hell.

He takes JOE's arm and starts R.

JOE: That's all right, pal, only I'm not drinking.

BUM: [*staring*] Not—what's that? Oh, broke, eh? Well, I'll set 'em up. You've set 'em up to old Bill many's the time. You're allus settin' 'em up. That's why they call you Easy Joe, ain't it?

JOE: Yes, God forgive me. But it's this way, Bill. I've found something better than whiskey.

BUM: Better'n whis—ain't nothing better—'nless it's—*[leering]* got any *rum* on yer?

JOE: No, Bill, but I've got something that keeps you sober and makes a new man of you. I've found a Friend.

BUM: Who the h— well, introduce me, Joe, introduce me.

JOE: All right. Sit down and let me tell you.
[*They sit*]

BUM: [*maudlin*] I know all about it—can't fool old Bill.

JOE: [*shaking him sharply*] Listen. You know I wouldn't kid you. You remember that time I found you down by the Battery—you'd been having the D.T.'s and were going to drown yourself.

BILL: [*cringing*] Oh God, yes!

JOE: You told me then you didn't have a friend in the world. [*Bill drops his head on his arm on the back of the settee*] Well, I was in the same boat only a week ago. And I happened to pass that door and heard the singing and the Lord called me in, Bill, I found He could actually care for *me*, that He's got some use for *all* of us bums and crooks. Think of it! I ain't wanted a drink since. And He'll save you the same way.

BUM: [*looking up*] Aw, I ain't worth savin'. Couldn't anybody be fool enough to be friends with old Bill.

JOE: Don't you believe it. You told me yourself how your old mother loved you, Bill,—she never gave you up so long as she lived. And neither will He.

BUM: [*savagely*] Aw cut it! [*Hiding his head and crying*]

JOE: [*rising*] Sympathy—dear God, how bad we need it.

Re-enter MCADLEY with a plate of sandwiches.

MCADLEY: There—it's just a mouthful—but you see if that home-made bread don't taste real good to you. [*He gives plate to JOE*]

JOE: Thanks. [*taking a bite hungrily*]

MCADLEY: And you come upstairs after meeting, and my wife'll make you a cup of coffee.

JOE: [*eagerly*] Do you mean it? In your own home?

MCADLEY: Why, of course.

JOE: That—that's beautiful. [*stops eating*] Why, you know—*home* was the first thing I thought of that night. I've been dreaming of it the whole week.

MCADLEY: Same as the rest of us.

JOE: You've been through it? Then you know what it means—all of a sudden to be lifted up—to look back and see all you've lost out of your life—home, love, honor—and to long body and soul to get 'em back again—when it's too late.

MCADLEY: My boy, it's never too late. Win 'em back—build 'em up. Throw your heart wide open, and the Lord'll manage to fill it some way. [*He starts down L and turns*] It's going to be a great night for the Mission. You know who's coming here to talk to the boys?

JOE: No, who?

MCADLEY: Biggest card we ever had. Ain't a more popular man in the state.

JOE: A preacher?

MCADLEY: No—politician. Sounds funny, don't it! But he's got some heart in him. And I hope they'll make him President.

JOE: [*interested*] President! What brings him here?

MCADLEY: I asked him. I thought a man with his big plans for reform ought to come down to New York city and see what the Lord himself is doing right here where the devil thinks he's got a perpetual franchise.

JOE: [*eagerly*] Come down—from where?

MCADLEY: From Albany—from the Executive Mansion of the Empire State—down here to the little old Bridge Mission.

JOE: [*intensely*] You don't mean—

MCADLEY: Yes, sir. It's the Governor himself. I'm going to meet him now.

Exit MCADLEY L. As JOE stands rigid, the BUM helps himself to a sandwich.

JOE: [*with intense eagerness*] The Governor! The Governor—here! God sent him! [*changing suddenly*] No—no—I'd better go—I ought not to see him—I—[*sees the BUM reaching for another sandwich*] All right, pal, fill up.

BILL snatches the proffered plate, and eats as if famished.

JOE walks slowly down into game-room, wrestling with emotion. Then suddenly he sinks to his knees by a chair R and prays.

JOE: Oh, dear Lord, tell me what to do—You've saved me, made a new man of me—and now, *he's* coming here. You know how it was between us, only I couldn't let drink alone. Maybe it ain't right to ask for anything more, but, O God, forgive me. I need him—I want him to see me now. You've changed me. Maybe he wouldn't believe in me.—But Oh! touch his heart to-night—You've given me hope, and now show me the way—make me sure what You want me to do; and don't let me go off my head—just give me patience, patience.

He bows his head in silence. BILL, finishing his lunch, looks about cautiously, then puts the plate under his coat and goes to sleep. A motley gang of outcasts and converts begins to fill the main room, talking in groups about the stove.

Re-enter MCADLEY, L.

MCADLEY: This way, Governor.

Joe rises, steps quickly to second bench and sits, watching door with feverish intensity. Enter L the GOVERNOR, then GUSTAFSON and BANNON. The GOVERNOR is a big, masterful figure; his face is rather haughty in repose, and suggests the habitual weight of heavy cares. His manner, however, has the graciousness of a successful politician. He wears a frock coat and carries a fur overcoat and a silk hat.

As he enters JOE catches his breath sharply, and grips the bench in front of him.

GOVERNOR: [*at door, to GUSTAFSON, in his business manner*] Yes, yes, of course, but not now—later. [*he crosses C*] So this is the place where you work your miracles. Mr McAdley, my secretary, Mr Gustafson; and Captain Bannon, my—er, my guardian. [*smiling*]

MCADLEY: [*shaking hands with GUSTAFSON and BANNON*] Not much call for a guardian down here, Mr Broadleigh.

GOVERNOR: Captain Bannon sticks closer than a brother. And he has the whole rogue's gallery in his head.

MCADLEY: Then he ought to find a lot of old friends down here. Rogues and bums, that's what we're after—we love 'em, bless the Lord.

JOE *bows his head on the bench. The coats and hats are placed on chairs and tables L.* BANNON and GUSTAFSON *talk apart, L.*

GOVERNOR: It's a splendid work. How is it progressing?

MCADLEY: Good. There's our latest convert right now, praying.

GOVERNOR: Who is he?

MCADLEY: Bless you, I don't know. I never ask, but they generally tell me sooner or later. I know he's got good stuff in him, like so many of 'em. But drink brings 'em all to the same place.

GOVERNOR: [*thoughtfully*] Yes, I know. Hopeless cases, most of them. I know.

MCADLEY: Hopeless? Bless your heart, no.

GOVERNOR: But what *can* you do with them?

MCADLEY: Lead 'em straight to the throne of Grace and get 'em on their knees. It's the only real cure, brother.

GOVERNOR: Yet they *do* fail, over and over again—I've seen it.

MCADLEY: It all depends. You can generally size up the genuine article pretty quick. *That* man's *redeemed*.

GOVERNOR: A hard case?

MCADLEY: Twelve years, he says, he's been putting up a losing fight; and a week ago he was on his way to the river.

GOVERNOR: Poor devil! and yet you pronounce him cured already.

MCADLEY: Oh, the devil might give him a good jolt yet. But tonight there ain't a straighter, happier man in the room—not even yourself.

They cross R talking.

BANNON: [*to GUSTAFSON*] Yes, sir, this is the place for a man like me to spot 'em. Most of 'em come here sooner or later. [*pointing*] There's Cronin, the old counterfeiter; they got hold of him down here, and now damn if he isn't engraving for a big bank-note concern. I don't know how they do it. [*JOE raises his head, watching the GOVERNOR*]

Well, say, I've seen that face before. He's a bad lot. I never forgets a face—never.

GUSTAFSON: It's all foolishness for the Governor to come down to this hole.

BANNON: Oh, well, he takes his chances, but he knows I'm onto my job all right. Still, for a man that's slated for the Presidency—what's his game?

GUSTAFSON: That's just it. What's the use?

BANNON: I'd better go in and look the crowd over. You needn't be afraid so long's I'm here.

He saunters importantly into the main room, walks down the aisle and back, and drops into seat behind JOE.

GUSTAFSON *starts toward* GOVERNOR, *watch in hand.*

MCADLEY: You have your talk with him right here; and I'll go in and boom things up a little.

Exit MCADLEY to main room, closing doors.

GUSTAFSON: [*nervously*] The Union League appointment is for nine o'clock, you remember.

GOVERNOR: Yes.

GUSTAFSON: [*impatiently*] You know I hate to see you waste any time on these gutter-people.

GOVERNOR: Well?

GUSTAFSON: There *is* such a thing as getting down too close to the riff-raff.

GOVERNOR: [*very thoughtfully*] Most of us have rubbed elbows with them, one time or another.

["Nearer, my God, to Thee" *is started*
Mission-room.

GUSTAFSON: From necessity, not choice.

GOVERNOR: And you marvel that I *chose* to come here.

GUSTAFSON: It's my business to safeguard your political dignity.

GOVERNOR: [*stiffening*] Indeed?

GUSTAFSON: Now, don't mistake me—I'm not officious, I'm practical. A Mission is nothing but a clearing-house for the emotions.

GOVERNOR: And you fear lest I may find myself hob-nobbing with the scum of the city.

GUSTAFSON: No, no. But as the mouthpiece of the party—

GOVERNOR: You would reduce me to a phonograph wound up to utter its master's voice. Come, out with it, Gustafson, you are itching to dictate my speech. [GUSTAFSON *fidgets*] Well, just what is your idea of the message a prospective President should deliver to this august body of rogues and vagabonds?

GUSTAFSON *silently hands him a memorandum.*

GOVERNOR *smiles.*

Ah!—hmm!—"Fellow-citizens—my record as a friend of the common people—the administration and the labor-movement—ideals of the Republican party." You credit me with some excellent ideas. But, after all, Gustafson, *what's the use?* [*returning memorandum*]

GUSTAFSON: It's not for the particular audience—of course—it's for the newspapers.

GOVERNOR: Ah, the reporters—God deliver us!—and so [*with mock oratory*] I must address the nation over the heads of these poor wrecks of humanity.

GUSTAFSON: Precisely—not man to man, swayed by the personal feeling of the moment, but President to People, with the caution imposed by your great commission.

GOVERNOR: And yet—why make a mountain out of a mole-hill?

GUSTAFSON: Mr Broadleigh, Blaine wasn't the only man who discovered that there *are* no mole-hills in a presidential campaign.

GOVERNOR: [*nettled, but impressed*] Well—well—[*taking back memorandum*] Mr Gustafson, as a campaign manager, you are a marvel of caution. But perhaps when you have known me a little longer, you will learn that in my pursuit of public office, I am not in the habit of playing the fool.

Doors are opened, C. MCADLEY beckons and they go to platform. All present rise and cheer noisily. GUSTAFSON sits in chair on lower end of platform, GOVERNOR above him nearer C holding memorandum. MCADLEY stands at desk.

MCADLEY: Amen! [*motioning to crowd and they sit*] That's right out of your hearts, boys, and the Governor knows it. He's no marble-hearted politician—praise God, and he loves men—if he didn't, he wouldn't come down here on a night like

this to talk to you. And good Governors are rare birds.

BROTHER ADAMS: Amen.

MCADLEY: Good thing for him to know you boys, too. [GOVERNOR *nods, smiling at* GUSTAFSON *who frowns*] I want him to know what's in your hearts. There's Brother Adams, one of our old stand-bys—they say he used to be a bigger boss than the Governor himself. [*laughter*] Tell the Governor how the devil took a fall out of you, brother, and how the Lord lifted you up.

ADAMS: [*rising; elderly, shrewd-looking, humorous*] Trust the Governor to know how the devil hangs around a politician. [*laughter*] Well, he certainly got me, body and bones, but praise the Lord, he had to let go of my soul.

A VOICE: Hallelujah!

ADAMS: The Lord put might power for good into my hands, but I sold myself. They say every man has his price—it's not so—look at the Governor! But the devil got me for half-price, marked-down, shop-worn, Monday-morning bargain. I went straight from the Mayor's chair to a cell. And when I came out from behind the bars, there wasn't a hand stretched out to help me.

CRONIN: Lord help!

ADAMS: I was kicked into the gutter—down and out—you know, boys. Then I heard the Voice—heard it from the depths. Three years and eight months and fourteen days ago tonight, the Lord

got a strangle hold on Old Nick, and He saved my soul. And Glory to God, He's saved me ever since.

He sits, amid a chorus of "Amens" etc. MCADLEY starts the brief chorus of "It's the old time religion," and the men take it up in strenuous fashion. The GOVERNOR has shown deep interest; GUSTAFSON speaks to him anxiously aside, but he is waved away.

MCADLEY: Now the Governor's a mighty busy man, and we mustn't keep him too long. But there may be some soul here to-night that's way down low—just dying. There was one that came in here like that only a week ago, and he went out with the joy of salvation in his heart. Brother Joe, can't you tell us how you found it?

JOE: [*surprised, rising slowly to his feet, shaking with repressed emotion*] All I know is—the past seems like some nightmare. I had a chance at a good life—as good a chance as—as the Governor himself, maybe, only I threw it away—turned my back on everybody, on the best pal a boy ever had. [*almost breaks down, but goes on strongly*] A week ago I was ready to kill myself. But God wouldn't let me. He saved me—He put a big new hope into my heart, He—

He breaks down and sits. The GOVERNOR is evidently moved and excited. GUSTAFSON fidgets.

MCADLEY: [*quietly*] Amen. Now, Governor, tell the boys whatever it's in your heart to tell them.

He sits, upper end of platform.

GOVERNOR *rises quickly, disregarding GUSTAFSON'S attempt to speak to him; crumples the memorandum paper and tosses it aside. GUSTAFSON picks it up very nervously. GOVERNOR pauses before speaking.*

GOVERNOR: Friends, I came down here tonight with my head full of politics. But these stories have for the moment banished all that. After all even a politician is human.

ADAMS: That's right, Gov.

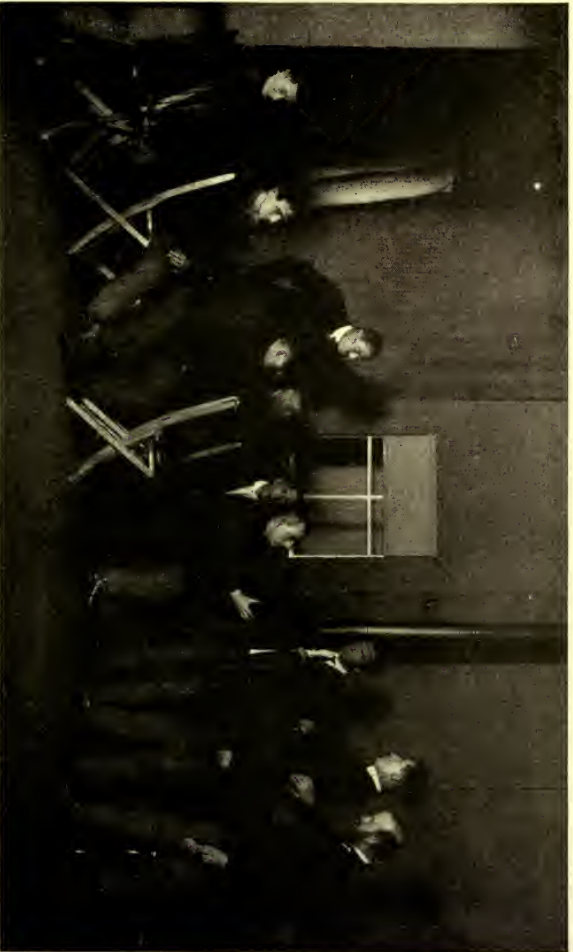
GOVERNOR: These stories have filled me with memories—of a boy I used to know. He was more than a friend—he was my own—my own chum, one of those bright youngsters that everybody loves. I used to help him in his scrapes and in his studies. We all thought he would do great things—he had it in him. Well, he failed. You know the way—he ran wild. We stood by him as long as we could, or as long as we thought we could. Then we—then his own family gave him up, turned him off, and he went down.

CRONIN: Lord help!

GOVERNOR: Once—twice he sent to me for help, but I had lost faith in him—refused even to see him. That was a long time ago. Yet somewhere, who knows, that almighty love that has done such wonders for you, may have laid hold upon him.

ADAMS: Amen!

GOVERNOR: And so, when I see the look of new hope that shines in the face of this young man here, I find myself thinking of that other boy,



Mr Phelps Mr Jamison Mr Moore Mr Tuttle Mr Drury Mr Woolbert Mr Liver
"The Higher Good" as given by the Players Club
JOE: Look at me, John, I'm your brother, I'm Joe.—*Page 91*

wishing I could see him with the same light in his eyes, longing to take his hand and tell him I believe there's hope for him.

JOE, *his ecstasy reaching a climax, rises as if he saw a vision and moves toward the platform.*

JOE: It's come true—do you mean it, can you believe in me again? Look at me, John, I'm your brother, I'm Joe.

Falls on his knees at edge of platform at GOVERNOR'S feet. GOVERNOR steps back in amazement. MCADLEY rises.

GUSTAFSON: [*leaping to the GOVERNOR'S side, and calling*] Bannon!

BANNON: [*already at JOE'S side*] I'm on to my job. It's an old game, my boy, but it don't fool me any. Come on.

There is confusion, and murmurs of "Put him out!" "Fake!" "Give him the hook!" BANNON pulls JOE roughly to his feet, and starts to hustle him down aisle. Several close in and help vigorously.

MCADLEY: [*stepping to the group*] Go easy, boys. Sit down and keep your shirts on.

BANNON: Don't you interfere, please. This is my job. [*continues down the aisle*]

GOVERNOR *steps forward as if to speak.*

GUSTAFSON: [*vigorously restraining him*] Be careful. Don't unbend. The man's crazy.

JOE: [*calling frantically*] John—for God's sake—John!

The GOVERNOR is half-persuaded that the man may be his brother, but he has striven to mask his feeling; he now throws off GUSTAFSON'S arm and steps down from platform.

GOVERNOR: [*speaking sharply*] Captain Bannon—just one moment!

BANNON *halts*.

GOVERNOR: There's some mistake. This poor fellow has done no harm.

BANNON: He's a bad lot, your excellency. I'll swear we've got his picture in the gallery.

GOVERNOR: Now, Captain Bannon, I shall not need you further for the present.

BANNON: [*Dropping his hand from JOE'S arm in amazement after bringing him to GOVERNOR in front room*] But, sir, do you realize—

GOVERNOR: Thank you, I shall not need you. You might be of help to them in the singing.

BANNON *is disgusted, and withdraws to main room. Doors are closed.*

GUSTAFSON: That was a good move, Mr Broadleigh. Now we can let this man out quietly and make the best of a bad business.

GOVERNOR: I should appreciate it if you would retire for just a few minutes.

GUSTAFSON: [*taken aback*] You don't mean—?

GOVERNOR: I mean I wish to be alone.

GUSTAFSON *bows slightly, turns and goes L, turns again as if to speak, then goes out L, much disturbed.*

JOE: [*seizing GOVERNOR'S hand*] Thank you.

There is a pause, as they eye each other intently.

JOE *goes on rapidly, ecstatically*:

I'm sorry I spoke out that way, but I lost my head with the happiness of it. I wouldn't have done it if it hadn't seemed so like a revelation. [*pause*; GOVERNOR *withdraws his hand*] You're not angry? Oh, you can't think what it means to me. It's like another salvation. [*pause*] Why don't you speak, Jack? I'm so glad, I just can't *help* talking.

GOVERNOR: [*with a steady coolness, but not unkindly*] Are you Joseph Broadleigh?

JOE: [*steps back, dazed*] You—don't—know—me? [*pause*] Why, of course, I've changed—my hair's getting thin—you remember how it used to get down into my eyes? [*laughs almost hysterically*. GOVERNOR *turns away slightly, showing emotion only by slight nervous movements of his fingers*] Jack, you don't doubt me, do you? Why, I couldn't fake it. There's a thousand things I could tell you that nobody could know but you and me. Why—the way we blew up the bandstand the night before the Fourth, and I hurt my leg, and you had to carry me home. And how mother blamed you for not taking better care of me. [*chokingly, then with a pologetic half-smile*] Oh, what's the use—I'm talking like a kid. [*intensely eager*] Jack, you haven't *forgotten* me, have you?

GOVERNOR *turns and throws his arm across JOE'S shoulder and draws him close for a second.*

GOVERNOR: No, it's you, Joe, all right. Only—it's pretty sudden.

He turns away abruptly. JOE drops into chair R, with a choked cry of joy, puts his head on his arms an instant, then looks up with his face glowing.

JOE: [*almost in a whisper*] You can't think what it means to me—Jack.

GOVERNOR: It means a good deal to *me*.

Re-enter GUSTAFSON, watch in hand.

GUSTAFSON: Mr Broadleigh.

GOVERNOR: [*wheeling*] Well?

GUSTAFSON: Let me remind you that our time is limited.

GOVERNOR: Thank you.

GUSTAFSON *reluctantly withdraws*. GOVERNOR *watches him out, then slowly turns. He resumes his business manner with a great effort, and during the following scene, it is evident to the audience that he is undergoing a mental struggle.*

GOVERNOR: Joe, I have an appointment at nine. Hadn't we better look at this thing in a practical way—that is, if you feel strong enough?

JOE: [*sobered*] Yes, I—I'm all right now. [*smiles faintly*] You always were more practical than me, Jack.

GOVERNOR: Then we can talk quite calmly. Good. [*He brings chair from L to C and sits*] Now—don't take offense—but how about this—conversion of yours?

JOE: [*after a questioning look*] Why, it's a miracle, Jack, that's all. I've learned my lesson this time. Oh, it's been a hard one—twelve years. But I'll make up for it!

GOVERNOR: Isn't the change rather sudden?

JOE: That's the miracle of it. I'm a new man.

GOVERNOR: I know you mean to be, Joe.—And now, what shall I do for you?

JOE: [*with another questioning look, then smiling happily*] You've done it, Jack.

GOVERNOR: I don't understand.

JOE: You've given me back what I lost—you've given me yourself. One corner of my heart was awful empty, now it's filled. What more could I want?

GOVERNOR: Well, of course, you'll want some practical help—

JOE: [*quickly*] Money? [*He shakes his head*]

GOVERNOR: Well, a position in my—in some office, perhaps.

JOE: Would you want me?—Me, a bum, with the marks of it branded on me?

GOVERNOR: Oh, come, it isn't as bad as that.

JOE: If I could be near you, doing something to help you—

GOVERNOR: [*hastily*] Yes, yes, there's sure to be an opening—one of these days.

JOE: But my real work's here. As soon as I get a start, I want to do something to help these other poor devils that are down and out.

GOVERNOR: [*relieved*] Perhaps that *is* best, for a while. Then, a little later on, I shall want to put something bigger in your way.

JOE: [*beginning to feel the lack of warmth in the GOVERNOR'S speech*] I don't know. I'd always be Easy Joe, the reformed drunkard.

The GOVERNOR winces, and JOE notes it, pausing momentarily; then he speaks with intensity.

But think what it means to me, Jack. Think of the power it'll give me in the work.

GOVERNOR: What do you mean?

JOE: Why, to be able to tell these hopeless, homeless men, how Easy Joe, the low-down bum, was raised up and made over into Joseph Broadleigh. That'll make me almost as happy as working for you. Think how it'll hit 'em to see one of their own sort holding up his head, as the brother to the Governor—why, maybe, better than that—brother to the President of the United States.

GOVERNOR *rises and turns on him sharply, almost fearfully.*

GOVERNOR: But you wouldn't—you don't expect—[*softening*] that is, of course there are certain considerations involved, certain—

JOE *rises slowly, looking at him searchingly, then walking away a step.*

JOE: Yes, of course—that couldn't come all at once. I—I couldn't expect—

GOVERNOR: Now don't misunderstand me, Joe. —Perhaps we'd better postpone this; you've been through a good deal.

JOE: [*shaking his head*] No. No.

GOVERNOR: You can see, of course, that I am placed in a peculiar position.

JOE: [*feeling him*] You—you wouldn't want this to get around too soon—not even—down here.

GOVERNOR: Well, there's the problem—how far the personal element will affect my—that is, the larger interests.

JOE: That's it, the larger interests—you couldn't risk a handicap—disgrace or anything.

GOVERNOR: [*disarmed by JOE'S calmness*] You understand. In my campaign, everything becomes a question of policy. Why, even my social position—

JOE: [*wincing*] Yes—yes. It *would* be a bit queer to see a bum dropping in to lunch at the White House.

GOVERNOR: [*sharply*] Come, come, don't put it that way. [*He finds it easier not to look at JOE*]

JOE: [*giving way to a new and bitter passion as he probes for the GOVERNOR'S heart, but managing to keep his voice steady*] Why not? We're looking at it in a practical way. It's just a matter of policy, as you say. Well, how's this for a plan? I stay here and get a job—[*grimly*] that'll be easy, of course—and see if I can make good. I've never used my right name—*your* name—so nobody's

any wiser than they were before. Then, a little later on, when it won't make so much difference, you look me up, and see if I'm any good. That'll be time enough.

GOVERNOR: [*not aware of the bitter undercurrent, taking chair back L*] Well, perhaps—just for the present—as you say—

JOE: [*thinking he at last understands, and losing control*] Yes, for the present! And why not for good? What am I to you anyway? You've got nothing to gain and a good deal to lose. I might have known you'd be ashamed of me. You always were, and you always will be.

GOVERNOR: [*shocked*] Joe!—I'm not perfect, but I'm not blind either. I tried to spare your feelings. But I'll have to talk to you pretty straight.

JOE: [*in a strained, cool tone*] If you can.

GOVERNOR: I didn't realize all this meant to you. Well, it means something to me. You *know* I care for you, and want to help you—

JOE: [*quoting*] A little later on.

GOVERNOR: If you were in my place you would feel exactly as I do. Just suppose now—I acknowledge you, take you into my office, give you a home.

JOE: [*with impetuous bitterness*] Just suppose now! Good God! [*He sinks into chair*]

GOVERNOR: The personal side of it is the smallest part. It is my public career that would suffer. Now that's a pretty big proposition. There's

more in it than sentiment.—You might be as good a man as walks the earth, but just now—well, what do I really *know* about you?

JOE: You know I'm your brother, same as when you turned me down before. Oh, I deserved it, I ain't saying I didn't. And what difference does it make to you whether I get religion or not? How could you *know* what's been going on inside o'me?

GOVERNOR: Stop! You misunderstand me. You don't realize what you're saying.

JOE: [*rises, speaking wildly, yet with a certain stinging accuracy*] I'm saying a few things that you need to hear. You sit in your million-dollar office and pull wires, and you're the whole show. You're a big prize, and they put you out to lick-spittle for the party. You're going to be boosted into the President's chair if you'll promise to be good and make it soft for the Wall Street gang. And you've got the whole United States on your hands, and you can't afford to let your blood-brother mess things up for you. All right, keep on climbing. And when you get on top, take a look down here, and see if Easy Joe is still rolling around in the gutter.

He strides to table R, and stands tense, fighting for control.

Enter BUM through doors C, followed hastily by BANNON.

BUM: 'Scuse me, but I got a little business with the Governor.

BANNON: [*collaring BUM very roughly*] You've got a little business with *me*.

BUM: [*choking*] Le' go me. I ain't done nothin' so help me—

He is choked into silence, and BANNON starts to yank him out. JOE throws himself upon BANNON, wrenching his hand from the man's collar, and getting between them.

JOE: [*speaking hotly*] You're a fine specimen of the police.

BANNON: I'll show you what I am—[*He starts to throw JOE aside*]

GOVERNOR: [*sharply*] Bannon. [BANNON *desists*]

JOE: [*to BUM*] Look here, Bill, don't be a fool. You can't butt in on the Governor like this. You're drunk.

BUM: An' you ain't, I suppose. An' why ain't yer, old pal—'cos you ain't got the price, that's why.

JOE: You know that's not so, Bill.

BUM: Well, you ain't been sober so damn long. Ye're no better'n what I am, an' you know it; everybody know it! Huh, Easy Joe! How is it *you're* so hell-fired chummy with the Governor all of a sudden?

JOE is hit hard, turns his eyes slowly towards the GOVERNOR, and crosses R silently. BANNON steps towards BUM.

BUM: Oh, I d'want to make no trouble. I'll go. BANNON *opens C doors and the BUM slinks*

through cringing; BANNON follows and shuts door. GOVERNOR weary and perplexed, stands passing his hand through his hair.

JOE: [*half to himself*] No better than Bill the Bum! Except—in here. [*Striking his heart. A great light breaking in on him, he turns to GOVERNOR and holds out his hand*] Jack, I'm sorry. I lost my head—you know, the same old way. There was just enough truth in what you said to make it sting.

GOVERNOR: Come. [*taking his hand*] You're tired. We'll have another talk in the morning.

JOE: [*rapidly*] No, it's all come to me. I see the way out. I was so busy thinking of myself, I sized you up all wrong. Now, [*with respect*] somehow, I begin to see what you really are—what this whole thing means to you.

GOVERNOR: [*touched, as he begins to realize the stuff JOE is made of*] Well?

JOE: Let things go on as they are. I'll stay here and work—the way I told you. I'm happy—I'll be all right. You believe me?

GOVERNOR: [*moved*] I begin to envy you.

JOE: And you—you have the big game to play, and I want to see you win.

GOVERNOR: [*very quietly*] But Joe, I want—more.

JOE: But there's where the big things come in between us. You said so yourself.

GOVERNOR: I didn't know you—I spoke quickly, foolishly, I'm afraid.

JOE: No, it was pretty straight dope, Jack. And it showed me up—that, and old Bill the Bum. I've had an eye-opener.—Why, all I need is to know you care.

GOVERNOR: But, Joe, I want—you.

Re-enter GUSTAFSON, watch in hand, L.

GUSTAFSON: Mr Broadleigh, it is now eight-forty.

GOVERNOR: Thank you. [GUSTAFSON *waits, holding his watch*]

JOE: [*eagerly, apart to GOVERNOR*] Look here, he's your manager, isn't he?

GOVERNOR: [*smiling*] Yes.

JOE: Well, put this up to him—that's his business, isn't it?

GOVERNOR: This is for me to decide.

JOE: But I can't stand for you getting in wrong on my account. He knows the game—he hasn't any feelings to mix him up—you're bound to put it up to him anyway sooner or later—isn't that right?

GOVERNOR: Yes. But—

JOE: Well, tell him. See how he takes it. We'll stand by what he says.

GOVERNOR: [*after an instant's hesitation*] Mr Gustafson, this man told the truth. He is really Joseph Broadleigh, my own brother.

GUSTAFSON *makes a gesture of horrified surprise, and seems to nerve himself for a scene. JOE starts to speak.*

GOVERNOR: Let me explain—

JOE: [*quietly interrupting*] It's just this way. If this thing should get out, how about the nomination?

GUSTAFSON: [*explosively*] Why, it's impossible, it's ruinous. [*apart to GOVERNOR*] Think what capital could be made out of it—the ridicule, how it would be distorted and cartooned—how the opposition would use it to pick flaws in the very blood and character of the candidate.

GOVERNOR: [*roused to impatient protest*] But after all, my record can stand it. This is a personal matter at bottom—it can't alter the public service I've already done.

GUSTAFSON: [*shaking his head wisely*] Prejudice, Mr Broadleigh, it's prejudice and narrow-mindedness we've got to run up against.

GOVERNOR: No, you always exaggerate, Gustafson.

GUSTAFSON: [*pointedly*] I still know a mountain from a mole-hill.

GOVERNOR: But my brother is a man of sense, you can see that; and he's ready to do the right thing. I owe him a good deal—more than I dare reckon; and I want to begin to pay it—now.

GUSTAFSON: Well, surely that can be arranged—*privately*.

GOVERNOR: No. He's my own brother. And I tell you he isn't any longer a disgrace, because he's past all that; and he's going to succeed as an honorable man.—You talk as if he were a *criminal*.

JOE: [*A momentary joy checked abruptly by the last sentence*] Well—what if he were?

GUSTAFSON *gives a cynical laugh.*

GOVERNOR: [*with sudden apprehension*] What do you mean, Joe?

Re-enter BANNON, C.

BANNON: I beg your pardon, your excellency, but I've just been making a few little inquiries on the q. t. and I guess it's just as well you had me along. That man there is wanted. And when you're through with him, I'll have the pleasure of taking him where he belongs.

GOVERNOR: [*after a pause, trembling with chagrin*] Joe—is this true? [JOE *lowers his head in affirmation*] Why didn't you tell me?

JOE: The past is all of a piece to me. I never thought of it's making any difference.

GOVERNOR: Are folly and crime the same thing in your mind?

JOE: Every bum is a thief when he needs the price of a drink.

GOVERNOR: A thief!

JOE: I'm sorry this hurts so. It isn't quite so bad as it sounds, but it's true—I guess that settles it. You never could tie yourself up to a crook.

GOVERNOR: Do you mean to say you are at this moment liable to arrest?

JOE: Yes. [GOVERNOR *turns away*] You see, John, you were right, from the first. I've cut myself off from you. My past is piled up between

us.—You couldn't very well go before the people with your big reforms, if you held out your hand to a man with my record. [*He waits as if for a death sentence*]

GOVERNOR: [*heavily, as if against his will*] No, it's impossible—impossible—

BANNON: Any time you're ready, sir, say the word.

GOVERNOR: [*dropping into chair by table, L, in miserable doubt*] Wait, I want to think.

JOE: [*sadly crossing to C*] It's no use. I might as well go. But first I'd like to go in there and set you right. If I tell them I was mistaken you won't have to fix up anything. You—you haven't any objection to that, John?

GOVERNOR *is silent with bowed head*. GUSTAFSON *nods to BANNON*. JOE *looks yearningly at his brother for a moment, then turns with a deep sigh and enters main room, followed closely by BANNON*. MCADLEY *is seen kneeling in prayer, at the desk*. BANNON *closes door*.

GUSTAFSON: [*stepping to GOVERNOR, uncomfortably*] I'm very sorry, sir. This is one of those hard but necessary sacrifices that we have to make to the higher good.

GOVERNOR: [*rousing*] The higher good! No, you're wrong, all wrong. It's the higher selfishness, that's all. The people of this country aren't as silly, soulless a lot as you'd make them out. If they were, I wouldn't want to be their President.

It's time I woke up and arranged one part of this campaign for myself.

He rises and starts up C.

GUSTAFSON: [*beseechingly*] Mr Broadleigh, I don't ask you to forsake your brother. I only ask you to wait—wait till you're safe in Washington; then you'll be free to act.

GOVERNOR: Free to do the square thing by my own brother.

GUSTAFSON: But if you acknowledge him now, you don't solve the problem at all.

GOVERNOR: There's one problem, Mr Gustafson, that you fail to grasp. I tell you that boy's soul may depend on the way I treat him. And, God help me, *so does my own*. Talk about the higher good—how about him? He's gone in there to sacrifice something that's as big to him as the Presidency is to me. And he's doing it for me. [GUSTAFSON *moves*] Now don't argue. I'm right, and you know it.

He throws open doors, disclosing BANNON and JOE waiting on front seat. MCADLEY rises from his knees and picks up hymn-book.

MCADLEY: Now for the closing hymn—sing hearty, boys.

GUSTAFSON: [*to GOVERNOR*] Wait!

The organ is started on the doxology. JOE rises and steps towards platform. BANNON rises alertly.

JOE: Mr McAdley, I've got something to say.

MCADLEY: [*stopping the music by a gesture*] Fire away, Joe.

GUSTAFSON: [*checking the GOVERNOR as he starts forward*] Listen!

JOE: [*with nervous abruptness*] Well, I got in wrong—lost my head. I ain't got any claim on the Governor nor anybody else. There's a lot of things I've got to square up for. You have to pay the price. And when that's done—well, praise God, then I'll start on the level. That's all.

He starts down the aisle. The audience murmurs.
MCADLEY makes a move to follow.

GOVERNOR: [*calmly*] Wait a moment. [*JOE halts without turning*] He's right. We do have to pay the price. He says he has no claim on me. But I have a claim on him. He is my brother, and—I think he's going to stand by me.

JOE: [*turning, amazed*] Stand by—you?

MCADLEY: Glory to God!

He steps down and gives his right hand to JOE, and his left to the GOVERNOR, who almost immediately comes down LC and stands alone, in deep thought. The organ plays, but no one sings, as the men crowd forward to JOE, at his right, in demonstrative greeting. JOE keeps his eyes fastened on the GOVERNOR. BILL THE BUM is left asleep on a bench. A reporter is seen standing on a settee making a sketch of the scene. BANNON goes down R, nonplussed. GUSTAFSON goes L in disgust and begins to put on his overcoat.

SLOW CURTAIN

THE POWER OF A GOD

A play in one act

CHARACTERS

DR FREDERICK CAMERON

DR ARTHUR JOYCE, *his protégé*

DR CHRISTOPHER HILLS

STELLA, *his wife*

THE POWER OF A GOD

SCENE: *The office of Drs Cameron and Joyce, on a June morning. Doors are left, right, and center. A flat-top consulting table with chairs at rear and left is center-stage, a clinical chair down right, with screen, and small table. A desk and telephone are down left. A cabinet with surgical instruments, etc. stands right. A portrait of a German doctor with features of great strength hangs on rear wall to the left. A window at left is equipped with a heavy shade which is practical to rise from sheath at bottom as if automatic, at pressure of button. A small electric spot-light is on table center.*

At the rise of curtain, enter R Dr Joyce, a clean-cut fellow of 28, with surgeon's bag. He goes to cabinet and begins to select instruments. Enter Dr Cameron, L, a striking-looking man of 50, with bag which he sets on table C.

JOYCE: [*warmly*] Good-morning, doctor.

CAMERON: How are you, my boy?

JOYCE: Feeling fine, but you look all fagged out.

CAMERON: No sleep, that's all.

JOYCE: That Caesarian operation? [CAMERON nods] But you —?

CAMERON: Somebody bungled—they called me too late.

He sits wearily by table.

JOYCE: I'll ring for some breakfast. [*starts*]

CAMERON: [*stopping him*] No.

Phone rings.

JOYCE: [*starting toward phone*] Let me—

CAMERON: [*waves him away kindly and goes to phone*] Dr Cameron.—The head nurse? Yes, Miss Allen.—No, I shall not operate today. I should be obliged if you would have my instruments sent here to my office.—No, you may inform Dr Anstruther that I shall not operate again. [*hangs up*]

JOYCE: [*amazed*] Dr Cameron!

CAMERON: It is the only way. [*sits C and opens mail on table*]

JOYCE: [*by him, anxiously*] You're discouraged, doctor—done up—

CAMERON: [*smiling*] No, no, Arthur. It had to be one thing or the other.

JOYCE: You mean—?

CAMERON: Listen. [*reads from opened letter*]
“My dear Cameron, I have heard with profound regret that you are dabbling in this mental therapeutics fad.” [*JOYCE gives impatient exclamation*]
“If a friendly word from an elder colleague has any weight, let me beg you to set yourself right in this matter. Not alone your own splendid reputation, but the good name of our honorable profession is at stake, when you appear to be meddling with the faith cures of fanatics and the hypnotic fakes of the quacks.”—Etcetera, etcetera. [*turning several pages*]

JOYCE: The fool! [*He sits left of table*]

CAMERON: Not exactly. [*showing signature*]

JOYCE: Gunnison!

CAMERON: A genius—in his line. Perhaps I am the fool.

JOYCE: You! Doctor, you can't forget what you did for me—what you've done for scores like me.

CAMERON: [*pondering*] What is it that I have done?

JOYCE: Saved my life—given me back my nerves, my self-respect, my—

CAMERON: [*with asperity*] Be plain. I have used the science of mental suggestion to control the cocaine habit.

JOYCE: [*shuddering*] More than that—you've given me something of yourself, an injection of your own will.

CAMERON: Hmm. [*turning and speaking sharply*] Are you cured?

JOYCE: [*reproachfully*] Doctor!

CAMERON: [*touching him reassuringly*] There, there, I know. [*rises*] Well, there are plenty of surgeons—better than I—but to cure the *mind* by the *power* of the mind—[*pause*]

JOYCE: [*earnestly*] There is no other man in America.

CAMERON: [*rises and crosses L*] Tut, tut—a dozen of us. [*gravely*] It's a good load—but it's *our* load. And the work—ah! The surgery must go.
He stands, looking up at portrait.

JOYCE: [*awed*] But your reputation—the sacrifice?

CAMERON: Sacrifice? [*looking silently at portrait*]

JOYCE: [*smiling*] You're going to quote the old fellow again.

CAMERON: [*smiling also*] "When a real man meets a real duty," he would say, "there's no such thing as sacrifice."

JOYCE: [*rising and going to CAMERON*] That's fine, isn't it! [*impulsively*] You know—you make me think you might better—that is—yes—I believe I ought to tell you something—I may be foolish—but I—

CAMERON: Well?—Well?

JOYCE: Tell me first—You cure men's minds; what about their souls?

CAMERON: [*whimsically*] That's Billy Sunday's clinic, isn't it?

JOYCE: But your power of suggestion—it goes so far, for good or bad—[*sees CAMERON turn to portrait*]*—*Well, did the master think that out, too?

CAMERON: Just once he spoke of it; and his manner was so strange I never dared revert to it. This is what he said: "We may sway the heart, heal the mind, re-direct the will—but the soul—that is a man's own. Only a god dare touch the soul—only a god—or a devil." [*turns*] Now what is it you want to tell me?

JOYCE: It's about Dr Hills.

CAMERON: Yes.

JOYCE: And his wife.

CAMERON: [*searchingly*] Well?

JOYCE: You—used to care for her.

CAMERON: [*warningly*] Arthur!

JOYCE: You still care. [CAMERON *rises abruptly, fiercely*] Let me go on—see if I'm not right. She married him ten years ago. He made a quick success. Then he broke down, acquired the drink-habit, and behaved like a brute—to *her*. [CAMERON *walks away, his hands working*] She consulted you— [CAMERON *turns quickly*] Oh, not for herself, but for him. She knew of your success in curing me—and others; she asked you to put him on his feet. He was frightened by his condition—he consented. You've been treating him hypnotically for a month. You're *getting* him, as you *got me*. You've almost freed his will. Am I wrong?

CAMERON: Go on.

JOYCE: Dr Hills is in love with another woman.

CAMERON: [*controlling himself, drawing a deep breath*] Well?

JOYCE: He's going to take her with him—abroad.

CAMERON: [*coldly*] I thought better of you, Arthur. You ought to kill a scandal as you'd kill a rattlesnake.

JOYCE: It's true. My sister told me. She *knows* the woman—knows the *facts*. She's frantic about it, and she came to me.

CAMERON: [*harshly*] Wait. Have you any *proofs*?

JOYCE: Why—no, that is, I—

CAMERON: Then say no more. [*turning away*]

JOYCE: But I *know*—

CAMERON: [*bitterly*] Gossip—hearsay—hysteria—

JOYCE: My sister—

CAMERON: [*explosively*] *Proofs!* Let's have no more of this.

JOYCE: This hurts you. I was afraid—but if it's true, you *must* know it. I'll *bring* you the proofs.

CAMERON: [*tensely*] You *can*?

JOYCE: I will. Give me fifteen minutes. [*starts R*]

CAMERON: One moment. [*with an effort*] Mrs Hills?—

JOYCE: She knows nothing.

Exit JOYCE R. CAMERON stands stone still, his head slowly droops then he follows as if to recall JOYCE. The office bell rings. He consults his memorandum, and starts slightly as he sees the entry. His face sets hard. He touches a button at C table, and the dark shade rises. He stops it half way. Lights go half down. Then he goes to cabinet and gets a decanter of whiskey and a glass, pours the glass half full and places both on table R. He takes a box from cabinet, places it on table C and then tests spotlight.

DR HILLS: [*off L*] You there, Cammy? [*CAMERON turns out light*]

CAMERON: Come in, Hills.

Enter Hills, L, a dapper, dissipated man.

HILLS: Morning, Cameron. Whew, hot, isn't it!

CAMERON: [*gesture*] Sit down.

HILLS: [*sitting in clinical chair at R*] Awful day to try to cure a thirst, eh?—Oh, don't look so solemn and superior—take it as a joke the way I do. Life's a joke, isn't it? Today it's on me, tomorrow on you, sure as fate—everybody gets a chance to laugh at the other fellow sooner or later. Fact is, Cammy, I begin to suspect you're a bit of a joke. I've been letting you put me to sleep now for weeks, and I have a thirst on me right now that could lick up a pint of Jersey lightning. [*CAMERON moves the screen so the whiskey is at HILL'S elbow*] You'll have me substituting Jersey milk yet, I reckon. [*settling back, he sees whiskey*] Oh, I say! That's awfully careless of you, Cammy. [*lifts glass*] I'll drink this just to teach you a lesson.

CAMERON: [*lightly*] But no more, remember.

In the following business, CAMERON shows that he is testing the state of HILL'S cure.

HILLS: [*surprized*] What—grand-dad growing indulgent? Well! [*smells it lovingly, and laughs*] You know, I feel just the way I used to when I decided I'd rather have a swim *and* a licking than have to miss 'em both. Here's luck! [*He starts to drink, sips, removes glass, sips again, then sets glass down, half-puzzled*] No, by Jove, I believe I'll let it alone. Suppose I'm an ass.

CAMERON: [*carelessly watching him very closely*] Might as well finish it.

HILLS: [*strongly*] No, I don't *want* the stuff—not just now. [*He throws the rest of glass in cuspidor. CAMERON smiles grimly*] Let's get on with the seance. Have to make it short this morning.

CAMERON: [*replacing screen carelessly*] Yes. You sail Saturday?

HILLS: No—what are you talking about?

CAMERON: You've given it up?

HILLS: Given what up?

CAMERON: Taking your—*patient* abroad. Incurable, isn't she?

HILLS: Is this a joke, Cammy?

CAMERON: I didn't think you regarded it that way.

HILLS: I say, have I been raving in one of these trances, like a guy with the laughing gas?

CAMERON: No. But when a man goes mad for a—

HILLS: Have *you* gone mad, then?

CAMERON: [*man to man*] Tell me the truth, Hills. You're going to chuck everything?

HILLS: [*eyeing him very angrily a moment, rises*] That's my *own* little affair, my dear sir.

CAMERON: It's true then. [*pause*] Haven't you been close enough to damnation without going to meet it a second time?

HILLS: [*recovering his aplomb*] You're badly mixed, reverend preacher. This isn't what you so delicately call it. In fact, it's—the other thing.

CAMERON: And what about your wife?

HILLS: [*sneering*] How very thoughtful you are, Cameron. [*laughs*] Under the circumstances, I suppose we may consider further treatment—unnecessary? Eh? [*starts to go, crossing L.* CAMERON *presses button and shade rises.* HILLS *returns C for a last threat*] I wouldn't try to mess things up, if I were you.

CAMERON: [*as HILLS is about to exit*] Wait!

The shade has darkened the room. CAMERON *produces from the box on table a crystal ball, and switches the spot-light on himself and the ball.*

HILLS: [*cries*] No, no—not now—not that—Dr Cameron—

CAMERON: [*in deep, gentle tones*] Gently, steady—eyes direct—that's it—

HILLS: [*fainter*] No—no—no—

CAMERON: Now, clear your mind, relax—easy, give over—that's it—that's it—

He moves toward HILLS, takes his arm and leads him, while HILLS keeps his eyes fixed glassily on the globe, and seats him in chair R. He watches him a moment, then transfers HILL'S gaze from the ball to CAMERON'S eyes. His expression is grim and malignant. After withdrawing screen from table, he speaks quietly, imperatively.

Have a nip of whiskey, Hills.

HILLS *looks at decanter, raises hand hesitatingly, shudders and turns away.*

It's all right—that won't hurt you. [*He pours a glass and holds it toward him*] See, the real Bourbon, your own brand—and you're exceedingly thirsty.

HILLS *takes it, then sits motionless, his eyes fastened on CAMERON'S.*

Will—you—drink?

He leans forward slightly. Very slowly HILLS *raises the glass and drains it, keeping his eyes on CAMERON.*

Good! [*refilling glass*] As you say, life's a joke, now on one, now on another, everybody gets his chance to grin at the other fellow. Here! this will help you grin. This makes life a perpetual joke—on the other fellow.

As he holds out glass, door-bell rings. Pause.

MRS HILLS: [*off L*] No, I have no appointment, but I *must* see him.

CAMERON *shocked out of his terrible calm, sets glass down suddenly, and starts hastily toward door L.*

Yes, this door is open. This way, then? Thank you.

CAMERON *turns back and swiftly swings screen about* HILLS.

CAMERON: [*to HILLS*] Rest! That's it—so, so—rest!

Enter L STELLA HILLS. *She pauses on threshold.*
CAMERON *steps out.*

STELLA: Excuse me, Frederick, your maid told me—

CAMERON: It is all right. I am at liberty, Stella.

STELLA: Oh, I thought I heard—

CAMERON: I am at liberty. You will sit down?

STELLA: Thank you. I'm so disturbed. This clipping—[*producing one as she sits L of table*] Oh, Frederick, I hope it isn't true. Can people be so blind, so narrow—your own professional brothers—to disown you—expel you—

CAMERON: What!

STELLA: Didn't you *know*? Look—your own colleagues—the Association of Surgical Specialists.

CAMERON: [*taking paper*] So they have really done it.

STELLA: You expected it? But you fought it—you *will* fight it?

CAMERON: Oh, no. Their motives are all right—they love the good name of our profession, and in their eyes I have become—a quack.

STELLA: Because you have left the beaten path, sacrificed time, fees, everything—just to help a few hopeless—

CAMERON: To help *you*? But the sacrifice—no, you are wrong.

STELLA: I was wrong to ask it, I knew it. But there seemed no other way—I had given you my promise to—

CAMERON: I know.

STELLA: And now—what will it mean? This will bar you from practice?

CAMERON: In a way. They have power, and there are few who understand.

STELLA: Then I have helped to ruin your career!

CAMERON: [*sharply*] No, no.

STELLA: You must go to them—they must reconsider—you can make them?

CAMERON: [*playfully*] If I were very humble and promised never to do it again.

STELLA: Yes. You never *must* do it again. It is too great a sacrifice. As for me—I'll find another way.

CAMERON: [*after an anxious pause*] That might be best.

STELLA: Yes, yes. I will explain to my husband. He is so much better—perhaps even now he is—*well* again, and I—I—[*she almost breaks down*]

CAMERON: [*restraining both his anger and his tenderness*] Have you ever thought it might be best to—to let matters take their course?

STELLA *looks her incredulous surprise.*

Pardon me. There are times when it seems so useless, so hopeless—is it worth the striving—has it even been worth the agony—for you?

STELLA: Aren't you forgetting?

CAMERON: I am forgetting everything—except you, your life and happiness.

STELLA: [*reproachfully*] You need not put it that way. You could never deceive yourself—or me—

into thinking that you were giving up the case, merely because—because success would not bring real happiness to me. For that thought would have stood between us just as clearly when I came to you for help, a month ago. Give up the case, I beg you, but give it up because of the bigger things, your career, your—

CAMERON: Stop. Stella, you have always understood me. Do not seem to mistake my meaning now. Suppose I were to tell you that I did not *wish* to cure your husband?

STELLA: I would understand. You would be doing right, doing as I wish; you would be true to your calling and save your career from the wreck that must otherwise destroy it. And you would help me find another way, another healer.

CAMERON: No—listen. Suppose I did not wish your husband cured?

STELLA: [*pause; then simply*] I do *not* understand you now, Frederick.

CAMERON: Suppose I despised him—hated him—wished him out of the way—

STELLA: [*cries*] Ah!

As she turns away, her eyes fall on the appointment blank on table. She picks it up, her lips form the words "Hills: ten-thirty." [She looks at her watch.] He is here? You were speaking as I came in—

She rises with a kind of wild fear, and moves toward the screen.

CAMERON: Yes. He is there. But he has heard nothing.

STELLA: [*with a cry of comprehension and fear*] What have you done? What are you going to do? Oh—I never thought of this—I—Let him go!—*Give him back to me.*

CAMERON: You spoke but now of your promise. Ten years ago you could not give me—what I asked. Instead you gave me something almost equally beautiful, your trust. You promised that whenever you needed my counsel you would come to me and place your faith upon my friendship. Trust me now.

STELLA: But you are changed. There is something terrible in your eyes.

CAMERON: Yet you must trust me. Will you leave us a few moments? [*He indicates the room at the back*]

STELLA: What are you going to do? Remember—I love him.

CAMERON: [*shaking his head slowly in sad denial, and her forced look of defiance lowers before his firm gaze*] Will you not trust me?

STELLA: [*with a sob*] I must.

She hurries out C. CAMERON stands holding door open a moment, watching her.

Re-enter JOYCE hastily, R.

JOYCE: [*blurting out*] Here are your proofs, doctor; Hills' own letter to the woman. They sail from Canada next week.

CAMERON: [*shutting door very quickly and pointing finger on lips*] Mrs Hills.

They stand listening, uncertain whether MRS HILLS has heard. MRS HILLS reopens door slowly and enters, showing that she has heard.

JOYCE: [*impulsively*] Oh, I—I'm sorry.

STELLA: [*graciously, smiling bravely*] I think I understand, Dr Joyce.

JOYCE bows and exit R.

CAMERON swiftly places chair C and steps to cabinet for sherry.

STELLA: [*seeing the action*] No, please.

CAMERON: The shock?

STELLA: I was—prepared.

CAMERON: Ah! [*moving close to her and forcing her to look up at him*] You are disappointed in me.

STELLA: [*looking away quickly*] I—am not thinking of you. [*Her manner changes, and she says with perfect calm and control*] You must give him to me, Frederick.

CAMERON: [*with admiration*] Plucky!

STELLA: [*coldly*] Give him to me—now.

CAMERON: Plucky—and still a very woman.

STELLA: [*flashing*] Frederick!

CAMERON: Stiff-willed—and still a woman.

Stella breaks down suddenly, goes down L to desk, sinks in chair, and sobs wildly. CAMERON nods his head slowly with a sad smile.

If we doctors could only release the tears as easily as we let blood.

Pause. He walks over and looks at HILLS, then turns to her.

You are stronger now. [*indicates phone*] May I send for a carriage?

STELLA: *Give him to me.*

CAMERON: First be honest with me—

STELLA: Have you been *honest* with *me*?

CAMERON: Stella!—Come now, you are the only woman I've ever known who *could* be honest and think a thing through to the end, with a man's reason. I only want to ask one question. Why do you go on suffering and fighting for this man, when fate offers you a plain release?

STELLA: [*quickly*] Because—I—

CAMERON: No—the truth.

STELLA: He is my husband.

CAMERON: No longer.

STELLA: I will keep him.

CAMERON: To avoid scandal—publicity? [*pause*] No, you're not that sort. Love is gone, fidelity is gone—why then should you will to keep him? Some mirage of happiness on the horizon?

STELLA: None—none.

CAMERON: Well?

STELLA: I will *save* him.

CAMERON: [*reverently*] An old-fashioned wife! [*pause*] But go deeper. Suppose you *could* control him, avert this crash, the next, even—hedge him about, make him stick to his post—would you *save* him? Would his soul be any whiter?

STELLA: I could only do my part—and pray.

CAMERON: And all for certain failure—yes, you you know it; even your faith cannot see a real salvation for him.

STELLA: [*firmly*] *Yes!*

CAMERON: I thought such faith was dead.

STELLA: It is you who are helping to kill it. You could have saved him—perhaps you only in this world—

CAMERON: *No.* That was your blind woman's hope. Go deeper still. Your life is more than his; your happiness and usefulness must not be sacrificed for a delusion. Give yourself up to the impossible task of rescuing him, and you throw away your life. You were not created to waste yourself on a single worthless creature. Your fine gifts were surely meant to create happiness—happiness for yourself and for—

STELLA: Frederick! I don't seem to know you any longer. What are your cold arguments against *feeling*? Don't you think I *feel* what is right?

CAMERON: [*bitterly, turning away*] A woman's reason, Stella.

STELLA: [*rising, and with the ring of a great challenge*] Yes—but is your *man's* reason any nobler? [*He turns electrified, but she will not let him speak*] You wanted frankness. Let's have the whole truth then. Be honest with me—be honest with yourself. You—love me. [*He turns away, distressed*] Yes, before this I have been proud and glad

of that love; for, all these years, I believed it was of the high unselfish kind. Now you have made it common—like the rest—just the desire to win, to possess—*that's* your *man's* reason. Oh, thank God, I'm only a woman!

CAMERON: [*pause*] Thank God. And I'm only a man, Stella. Don't forget that. So long as you were happy, I could be content. So long as I could fight for your happiness, I have been happy; but now—perhaps if you loved me, you could see it all my way. [*He walks away R*]

STELLA *gives a low cry, repressing an impulsive denial in a way that reveals her love for him emphasized by a gesture—all unseen by him.*

STELLA: [*with great repression*] Perhaps.

CAMERON: [*turning to her*] And if that man were out of your life, I might yet reach your heart. Let him go—give me the right to make you happy, to give you a new life. Could you think, because I've seemed a kind of dumb, loyal dog for ten years, that I'm made of marble? Well, today you've thrown me down from my pedestal, smashed your poor ideal to fragments. But you've found inside, the live heart of a man, who can hate as well as love. Right and sense are on my side. You're in my hands, as that creature over there is in my hands. I'm ready to fight for my own happiness at last, because in the long run it means your happiness too. I'll convince you—I'll win you. And

I refuse to let a brutish scoundrel stand in my way.

STELLA *moves swiftly across to the screen.*

What are you going to do?

STELLA: Take him from you! [*She throws down the screen*]

CAMERON: Stop. It's useless. He's dead to you.

STELLA: Dead?

CAMERON: Dead to everyone except me—he lives in my will.

STELLA: No—no—it can't be so—such wrong isn't possible—[*seeing the decanter, she screams and seizes it*] That! Ah!—[CAMERON *wrests it from her. She throws herself upon HILLS*] Chris! Chris!

CAMERON: [*sharply; raising her*] No more of this. Come, be yourself.

STELLA: [*wildly*] Give him back to me.

CAMERON: I must beg you to retire.

STELLA: I'll not stir until I see you release him from this horrid spell.

CAMERON: You must trust me with his fate—and yours.

STELLA: Trust you—ah!

CAMERON: Your promise—

STELLA: Broken—gone—everything's gone.

CAMERON: Come.

STELLA: No.

CAMERON: Come.

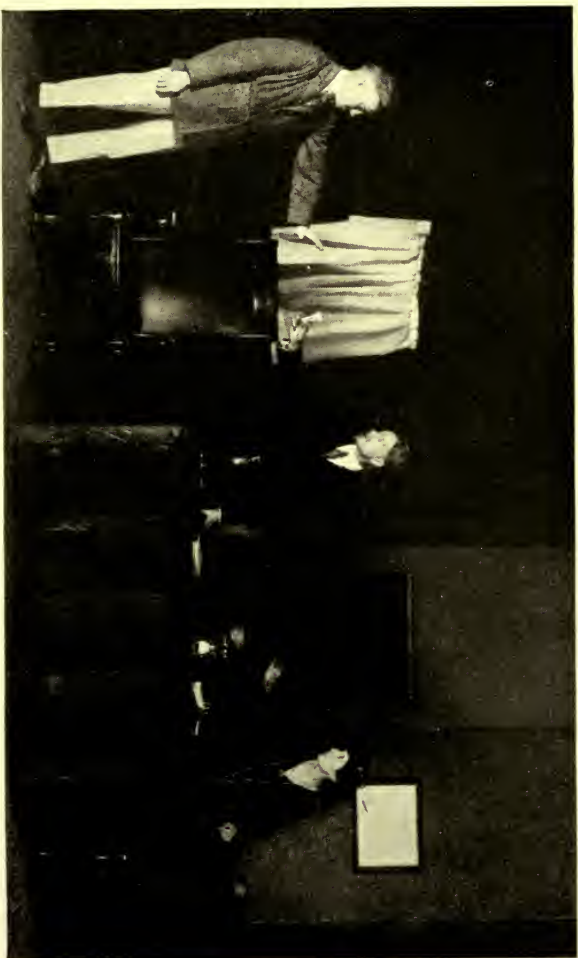
STELLA: Frederick!

CAMERON: [*leading her to C door*] Wait here. I will call you.

STELLA: [*ceasing to struggle, she faces him, pulling herself together*] You have the power of a god. And you are using it like a devil. [*Exit C*]

CAMERON *comes down. His lips repeat the words "Like a devil." He wheels sharply, looks steadily at the portrait a moment, his head droops and he passes his hand over his eyes. As he turns toward audience he is evidently changed. He goes swiftly to HILLS, places hand on shoulder and looks at him fixedly for a moment. Then he pours a glass of whiskey and gives to him.*

CAMERON: Take this, Hills. Now, you may drink it or not, as you please. [*HILLS is motionless*] As—you—please. [*HILLS slowly sets glass down. CAMERON cries in low but terrible tone*] Drink it—DRINK IT! [*HILLS reacts spasmodically and slowly puts glass to lips. CAMERON speaks in a deeper tone of authority*] Stop! That's poison—deadly! [*HILLS chokes and dashes glass to floor, starting up. CAMERON holds up decanter. HILLS turns away trembling*] Look! [*HILLS slowly directs gaze at the liquor*] Your worst enemy is drink. You abhor it with all loathing. [*sets decanter down and goes close to him*] Your only friend—your dearest possession, is your wife. You shall stand by her!—stick to her! For the rest—forget—forget! [*changes tone*] Sit down. [*HILLS sits. CAMERON claps him on shoulder*] All right, relax—easy.



Mr Van Kleeck

Mr Kay

Miss Jones

"The Power of a God" as given by the Players Club

CAMERON: Have another little nip before you go?—*Page 131*

HILLS *leans back, breathes deep and shuts his eyes.* CAMERON *gets a fresh glass and pours a little whiskey. Then he goes to door and beckons STELLA. He places her where HILLS cannot see her, then goes to HILLS and slaps him on shoulder.*

Come, come, Hills, wake up—that's it—all over.

HILLS *rises, stretches lazily, and looks at his watch.* CAMERON *offers glass.*

Have another little nip before you go?

HILLS: [*turning and seeing glass, he draws back with extraordinary repulsion, a ghastly grin on his face*] Good God, no! [*STELLA utters a little cry and appears*] Hello, Stell, waiting for me? Rather nice of her, eh, Cammy? Well, let's be toddling. So long, Cammy.

He goes out jauntily, L.

STELLA *looks at CAMERON silently and extends her hand which he takes. Then she turns and hurries after HILLS.*

CAMERON *watches her, turns to portrait, shakes his head slowly.*

SLOW CURTAIN

THE PORTRAIT

A dramatic fantasy in one act

CHARACTERS

The Daughter

The Father

The Mother

The Wolf

The Artist

The Lover

Guards

A Priest

THE PORTRAIT

SCENE: *A castle hall, long ago. At the right is a stairway leading above, lined with portraits; at the rear a window opening as a door, covered with a tapestried hanging; at the left a door leading to the garden. Right of center is a great easel, facing diagonally up stage, draped with hangings; left of center a table, a great chair, and a low stool. Up left is a crucifix and a prayer-cushion. The room is somewhat dim.*

At rise of curtain is discovered the DAUGHTER, leaning against the window draperies at the rear, her hands clasped before her eyes, weeping. Presently she parts the curtains, and gazes out, the sunlight falling on her face. She muses.

DAUGHTER: Ah, he will come! . . . His horse!
. . . Nay, patience, patience.

She turns slowly to the easel and lays out her brushes and paints. She starts to draw something from her bodice, stops in fright at a fancied sound without, runs to the stairway and peers up. Returning to the easel, she draws from her bodice a small silver mirror. Hastily she wipes her eyes, trying to smile.

No tears! That's lack of trust—and yet . . . so long. . .

Sighing, she places the mirror where it will reflect her face as the model for her painting, and prepares to sketch her own portrait on a canvas which she

hesitatingly uncovers on the easel After sketching a moment, she bends toward the mirror and fastens back a stray curl.

Untidy maid! Those mornings—when the dawn-breeze

Whisked every tress awry, it pleased him well;
He called me Zephyr, begged me loosen all . . .
Perhaps 'tis better so. . . .

She loosens her hair girlishly.

FATHER: [*above R*] Felice!—Ho, daughter!

For an instant she stands terrified, then snatching the mirror, she covers the canvas, and hastens out by the window.

Enter R, FATHER, MOTHER, and WOLF.

FATHER: Ay, soon I'll add my portrait to the gallery,

When comes the great Jacobus back from Rome.
I thought to find her daubing—there's her gear,
But ne'er a sign of painting, lazy jade!

WOLF: I caught the rustle of a petticoat.
Egad, I think she means to run from me!

FATHER: An if she dare!

MOTHER: You would say, if she dare
To run from *you*, the chit. She's far too wise
To fly such charms as *thine*, most noble sir.

FATHER: Well, let's to business. Here's the contract drawn
And faith, I half repent me of my bargain.
So fair a piece, for a mere strip o'land.

WOLF: Is forty thousand pounds a trifle then?

FATHER: So young, my lord, and tender—

WOLF: Ay, she's fair.

MOTHER: And wondrous fine for decking out in
silks;

Well-taught, withal, a wood-nymph for a dance—

FATHER: Supple and slender, eh, my lord?

You've seen

The curve o' the neck, the ankle slim, the waist—

WOLF: Enough—she suits my fancy. Lands are
naught—

You take my park, I take your fawn—

FATHER: [*laughing harshly*] Well said!

Here is the blank. [*He holds the pen ready*]

WOLF: Yet stay—the story goes

There was a lover—

FATHER: Pestilence!

MOTHER: The dolt!

A boy, my lord, who wooed in boorish sort—

FATHER: Until I sent him packing!

WOLF: Yet she mopes?

MOTHER: A love-sick child—she waits but for a
man,

To blossom into woman's love—for *you*.

WOLF: I'll have no squire o' dames to lurk and
leer.

FATHER: My lord, he's gone this twelvemonth.

If he comes

So near as twenty leagues—. My men are stout!

WOLF: Then give her me. *I'll* lock her safe from
harm!

FATHER: The pen, my lord.

WOLF: What need a week's delay?
Fetch priest and girl, and I'll away with her.

MOTHER: Such haste? Forsooth, the gallant
lover's madness!

FATHER: And shall I add your castle of Cavarr?

WOLF: Add what you will, so she is mine this
hour.

*They sign the contract. DAUGHTER enters L,
and starts to withdraw.*

MOTHER: The blushing bride! Felice! Nay,
daughter, come.
See how a happy fate sends the swift flush
Coursing those ivory temples!

FATHER: Hither, girl!
Here's thy impatient lover,—come, thy lips!
She offers her hand, trembling.

Nay, hands to friends, a husband earns a kiss.

DAUGHTER: A husband!—Mother!

FATHER: Out upon thee, maid.
Thy husband, ay, thy husband! Is the word
So frightful, that a palsy shakes thy limbs?

WOLF: Egad, she's beautiful! Your eyes, fair
sweet.

He lifts her chin. She shrinks from his touch.
Humph! Here's a gracious wench indeed.

MOTHER: [*sternly*] Felice!
Your humble duty to this noble gentleman,
Your own betrothed—a match for any queen.

DAUGHTER: I am no queen, good mother, just a
girl,
Who would be left to play. I would not wed . . .
Altho I thank him kindly for his offer.

FATHER: Kindly, i' faith—and yet "you would
not wed."
Cease childish tricks—the paper's signed and
sealed.

DAUGHTER: It was but yesterday—

FATHER: Time travels swift.

MOTHER: And lovers swifter.

FATHER: Come, you've had a day
To get thee ready for this match—and now—

DAUGHTER: What mean you? Now! My hon-
ored lord, and lady,

This gentleman is but a stranger, sure
You cannot mean—you could not ask—

FATHER: [*storming*] 'Ods wounds!
We cannot and we could not! This to *me*?

MOTHER: You frighten her. My child, bethink
yourself.

Here is no place for coy, reluctant airs.

Fie, fie, a woman, and pretend demur

When one would make thee Duchess? [*to WOLF*]
Nay, 'tis feigned.

FATHER: Take her then, Duke. You know the
way to woo.

WOLF: Ay, marry. Come then. [*He kisses her
forcibly*]

DAUGHTER: [*fiercely*] Never will I wed him!

FATHER: How now! My sweet, obedient hussy,
know
You have an hour to learn a better mind.
For, by this hand, thou'lt kneel before the priest
Within this hour. Thy *never* shall be *now*.

DAUGHTER: Ah, father!—Mother! I implore—
but grant
A little space—I cannot think—to rush
To marriage as it were a game at cards.
Is't not with love that one should plight one's troth,
With love and prayers, and thoughts of holy things?

MOTHER: 'Tis so, sweet innocence, and thus
we'll leave you
For maiden dreams, and prayers to heaven's
queen.

DAUGHTER: [*taking the contract*] What's here?
Estates—the Castle of Cavarr—
Oh! Then I see—thou'st *sold* me to this man,
Sold me—for parks and palaces—and he
Would buy me like a ribbon at a fair!

She sinks weeping at the table.

FATHER: 'Tis ever thus with women.

MOTHER: Come, good sir,
She'll weep a while—then haste to choose a frock!

WOLF: God send she weep her fill ere she be mine!
They start to leave.

DAUGHTER: Nay, pity—stay and hear me—but
one word—

FATHER: Silence, you jade! An hour—for *pray-*
ers. [*chuckles*]

They leave her, going R.

DAUGHTER: [*following wildly*] Oh, mother!

She throws herself on the stairs, weeping. Slowly she recovers and crosses to the prie-dieu, where she kneels before the crucifix. Presently there is a slow knocking; it is presently repeated. Enter C, the ARTIST, an old man dressed as simply as a begging friar, but with the mien of a prophet. He stands silent, gazing at the girl. She slowly rises, and faces him, questioning.

ARTIST: Felice?

DAUGHTER: You know me?

ARTIST: I am summoned here
To paint the portrait of your honored father.

DAUGHTER: Ah, yes. Do you but call, upon the
stairs. . .

My flowers are parching—I must care for them.

She retreats slowly into the garden, L, keeping her eyes on him.

ARTIST: My honored lord.

FATHER: [*above, R.*] Who calls?

ARTIST: An artist.

FATHER: So! [*He enters*]

You come from Rome? Jacobus?—Nay, who then?

The ARTIST hands him a scroll.

“I send a greater, master of us all.”—

Tis well!—And yet—hath he said aught of *terms*?

ARTIST: My generous patrons ever fix the fee.

FATHER: Indeed?—Then tell me, artist, think
you now

’Twere best to draw me full length, standing thus—

One hand upon my sword, the other—so?
 Or better still, perchance, to fold the arms.
 Gazing, as 'twere, across my upland meadows,
 Eyes fixed in haughty pride upon the heights?

[*posing*]

Yet men have said my profile spoke me best . . .
 I face you—yet I turn, as in disdain . . .
 My breadth of shoulder—and my chiselled features!

Thou art a judge of elegance—what say you?

ARTIST: Thy shoulders and thy sword *have*
 elegance

FATHER: Yes, yes—but there's the eyes . . .

A beetling look,

A flash of mastery! These become me too.

[*posing*]

ARTIST: Thou art beyond my skill.

FATHER: How frank thou art!

'Tis true, one scarce expects a daub of oils

To match me to the life . . .

ARTIST: I paint the Soul.

FATHER: How say you? Ah, you mean the
 soulful look

That gallant lovers use to melt a mistress.

He poses, sitting.

Ay, this were well—rapt o'er a miniature,

Before an arras—"Leda and the Swan."

ARTIST: I paint the *Soul*.

FATHER: The body too, I hope?

What riddle's this?

ARTIST: I paint the living Soul,
And thou hast none.

FATHER: The devil take thee then!
Thou'lt carry the jest too far.

ARTIST: No jester, I.

FATHER: Impostor, then? Art here as knave
or fool?

ARTIST: To seek a crystal soul I come—and go.

FATHER: Go then, thou prince of idiots, pack
thee hence!

By heaven, I'll have the dogs set on thee, beggar!
Outrageous insolence!—Bernado! Jacques!

He goes raging up the staircase. The ARTIST steps to the easel, lifts the curtain and looks on the sketch; smiling, he turns to the garden door. FELICE enters timidly, carrying flowers.

DAUGHTER: O, sir, you come from out the great
world yonder—
Pray have you seen—or chanced to meet . . .
but nay,

There are so many, and he is but one.

ARTIST: Thy lover, lass?

DAUGHTER: You'll not betray me?—Ah!
What soul of sympathy shineth in your eyes,
That warms me—here, and breathes of peace and
faith?

So like my good Saint in the chancel window;
His own deep tender eyes—thou art—a Saint?

ARTIST: A friend.

DAUGHTER: A friend! You are—an
answered prayer.

*She has approached him as if drawn by a spell,
and now her head sinks on his breast.*

ARTIST: Rest thee, dear maid. And tell me, is
it thou
Hast sketched thine own fair face upon the can-
vas?

He leads her to the stool; she sits.

DAUGHTER: A foolish fancy.

ARTIST: Tell me all your heart.
And may I while you speak, take reverent leave
To bring my elder skill to this same task?

DAUGHTER: Oh, if you would, sir! 'Tis a won-
drous offer . . .

And 'twas for him!

ARTIST: It needs not many strokes . . .
'Tis maiden warm and human sweet. All's here—
All save the flaming crystal of thy soul.

DAUGHTER: Your brush!—

ARTIST: Ah, yes it is an old odd thing—
For ages treasured in the Vatican.
The Pope who gave it me told wondrous legends
Of portraits done in ancient Galilee.

He holds it up in the sun's rays.

DAUGHTER: How curious—would you bathe it
in the sunshine?

ARTIST: Ay, in the golden light of heaven itself,
To paint th' unearthly radiance of the soul.

The bristles are changed to gold.

DAUGHTER: A miracle!

ARTIST: Nay, wonder not. But tell me—
This was for him? [*He paints*]

DAUGHTER: My lover's but a lad;
And when my father found us, hand in hand . . .
'Twas early morn; the first pale crocuses
Were peeping out, and all the earth was hushed
To list the wondrous words he spake to me.
And as he spake, my heart sang like the thrush
And mounted to my lips, my lips to his . . .
My eyelids shut out all the world—save him. [*She
muses*]

ARTIST: Then broke the storm?

DAUGHTER: Ay, you can guess the rest.
My laddie fled, on pain of death—and now,
The months are lengthening, creeping, yet he
stays.

Each morn I watch the highway for his horse,
For he *must* come; and ever in my dreams
He rides adown the wind upon a steed,
Stalwart, in arms, he rides—and never comes.

ARTIST: This portrait?

DAUGHTER: I had thought—tho 'twas
unworthy—

He tarried for a sign from me, or else—
Unworthier thought—he had—forgotten me.
And if, some day, one going to the world
Would but inquire him out and give him this,
He would leave all, brave all, and come to me.

ARTIST: Thou need'st him sorely—*now?*

DAUGHTER: You read my soul.
A horrid fate—within this hour—you guess?
I've been so frightened—yet a kind of calm
Steals over me . . . Nay *art* thou not my Saint?

ARTIST: Thy friend, dear troubled heart. There,
ease thine head;
My work is almost finished. Rest a while.

He has bent over her, gently inclining her head to rest upon the cushion of the great chair beside her. Chimes are heard. He crosses his arms and bends his head a moment.

DAUGHTER: [*drowsily*] The chapel chimes. Still
God takes care of us. [*She sleeps*]

He stands watching her a moment, then returns to the easel and in a rapture of enthusiasm puts the finishing touches to his work. Drawing back some paces, he looks from the girl to the portrait with a kind of holy triumph, and with an upward look, raises his hand in blessing over them. He retires to the garden.

Enter the WOLF, R. Seeing the girl, he approaches stealthily, and gloating over her, bends to kiss her. Suddenly he leaps back and turns toward the easel with a cry.

WOLF: Who's there? Who touched me?

He looks under the hangings, recovers himself and laughs.

DAUGHTER: [*awaking and starting up*] You!—I
dreamed a Saint—

WOLF: I'll be your saint, my beauty. Look,
I've here

She has retreated to the window. He produces jewels.

As if entranced she steps forward and takes the pearls. In the distance is faintly heard the sound of a running horse.

She starts, as in a daze to clasp the pearls about her neck. She pauses, and her eyes are slowly drawn toward the portrait, which she has approached. As she looks fully upon it, she utters a low cry, lets the necklace fall, and bows her head in shame. The horse is heard clattering without.

Oh, I'll soon teach you manners, pretty fool.
My arms shall be the girdle you will wear.
By heaven, I'll show ye how strong they be!

He advances. She seizes a knife from the palette-box and holds it against her breast. The LOVER

enters by the window and stops appalled in the cover of the hangings.

WOLF: [*retreating*] I' faith, she thinks I mean it!—'Twas to try Thy spirit, gentle mistress. Bravely done!

He moves toward her, with forced laughter. Then in a flash he seizes her wrist, wrests the knife away, and pinions her, laughing savagely in her face.
A jest's a jest, and love is love, sweet wench,
And thou shalt find thy husband is thy lord!

The LOVER leaps upon him and throttles him.

DAUGHTER: My laddie!

WOLF: Let me go!

LOVER: When thou art dead.

He forces him gradually over backward toward the easel, strangling him. The LOVER'S eyes meet the portrait.

What's there?—Good God!—Then live, thou prince of swine.

He lets the WOLF go crumpling to the floor, and falls back, gazing on the portrait in awe. FELICE, weeping, creeps to his arms. The WOLF struggles to his feet and draws his sword.

WOLF: Now die, you bully.

He rushes at him. The LOVER puts FELICE behind him and draws his sword.

LOVER: Back! I will not fight.

WOLF: Oh, mighty coward! Then I'll run you through.

He makes a pass; the LOVER disarms him, drops his own sword, pinions the WOLF and pitches him on his knees before the portrait.

LOVER—Look there—the picture! Tell me
what thou see'st.

The WOLF looks, gives a horrible cry, stumbles back from the portrait; then rushes at it, beating it with his fist; looks again with horror, turns and throws himself prostrate.

The FATHER, MOTHER, and two GUARDS rush in from the right, followed by a PRIEST. From the other side the ARTIST re-enters.

FATHER: A murderer! Seize him!—Ha, the
gray-beard too!

A rare conspiracy. Chain up these fools.
Here's pretty pastime for the hangman.

DAUGHTER: Father!

FATHER: [*to the WOLF, who half rises*] How is't
with thee, my lord? Alive—no wound?—

Nay then, ye skulking hounds, live long enough
To grace a wedding ere ye dance on air.

Look to it, girl.—The book, sir priest,—Proceed!

ARTIST: Good sir—

FATHER: Stop up his mouth!

WOLF: [*gasping*] Nay, let him speak.

ARTIST: A simple question, by your leave.

Some power

Hath touched these creatures, looking on this
portrait.

Say, friends, what hast thou seen, so full of awe?

DAUGHTER: The Virgin.

LOVER: Nay, the Christ! Whose
burning eyes

Consumed my hate. I could not kill.

ARTIST: [*to the WOLF*] And thou?

WOLF: Let be!

ARTIST: Nay, calm thee. Tell us what
thou saw'st.

WOLF: A hellish Fiend! Who grinned, and
clawed me close.

I beat his face—he grinned—it was—*myself!*

He drags himself up, and staggers out R.

FATHER: What damned witchcraft hath so
crazed thy wits!

Let's see this mystic portrait . . . Heavenly
powers!

*He and the MOTHER face the portrait. He falls
back and crosses himself. She sinks down weeping.*

ARTIST: What then see you?

FATHER: [*hiding his face*] I cannot tell—'twas
like

My mother's face.

MOTHER: [*moaning*] My little babe—her eyes!

ARTIST: I paint the Soul. Who sees a crystal
Soul,

He looks on Life—or Death. *Truth maketh free.*

*The GUARDS fall back in awe. FELICE and her
LOVER unite their hands and kneel.*

ARTIST: Thy will, my lord?



Mr Tuttle

Mrs Clark

Mr Guild

Mr Cowley Mr Kay Mrs Kay

Mr Todd Mr Oliver

"The Portrait" as given by the Players Club

WOLF: A hellish fiend! who grinned and clawed me close,
I beat his face—he grinned—it was—myself!—*Page 150*

The FATHER raises his eyes toward him, tears the marriage contract across, and makes a gesture of resignation toward the lovers; turns away and covers his face.

Good priest, thy lovers kneel.

The PRIEST opens his book. All bow in reverence.

CURTAIN



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